BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1946

TERENCE HORSLEY
ARTHUR MILLS
C. FOX SMITH
JANE GORDON
GILBERT HACKFORTH-JONES

1/6

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

"There's that door-bell again"

. . . . . yes, Doctor, three-fifteen at the hospital. Now there's that door-bell again . . . . Wait a minute, I've only one pair of feet. This job certainly keeps you running around."

Always on the go — yet never foot-weary! Busy women like this Harley Street receptionist find that Arch Preserver Shoes look after active feet with a solicitude entirely beyond compare.

★ The famous comfort features do the trick.

RAPTURE

★ *Steel arch bridge for firm support.*

★ *Individually placed metatarsal pad for comfort.*

★ *Perfectly flat innersole for comfort-plus.*

SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

The shoes that live up to their name.

Your Personal Fitting can be arranged at appointed Selberite Arch Preserver Agents and at any of the Branches of Manfield & Sons.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 33, No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1946

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of Is. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Contents for September

The Old Bridge over the River Weaver at Castle Combe, Wiltshire

Cover Design

by *W. Smithson-Broadhead*

Articles

This Way For New York
by *Arnold Wareing* 13 and 52
Report on France
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 14–15 and 58
Controlling All Tramps
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations
by *Edgar Spenceley* 16 and 66
Man Overboard!
by *C. Fox Smith*
Illustrations
by *J. Matthew* 20–21
From Cowshed Into House 22–23
A Tale of Three Cities
by *Harry J. Greenwall*
Decorations
by *J. Nicolson* 24–25 and 56
The Lake Poets in Somerset
by *Wilma Buckley* 42 and 67

General

Books:
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 64
Mountains and Lochs of the Western Highlands 29

Home Section

Autumn Story 33
How the Old Face Has Changed
by *Winifred Lewis* 34–35
Vestlet and Panties 36 and 62
With a Fair Isle Yoke 36 and 62
How Will You Spend Your Coupons? 37
Heating Arguments 38–39
Dyeing Happily 40
Fashions for Coming Events
by *Jane Gordon* 43 and 67
Health and Beauty
by *Chrysis:*
Senior Service 44
Starting Point 44
Duel Personality 45 and 66
Cookery
by *Harriet Muir*
Bottling and Pickling 46–47
Jam To-day 46
Hot and Cold Dishes 47
Sickening for Something?
by *Louisa Kay* 48
How to Make a Cosmetic Bag 51

Stories

The Home Coming
by *Terence Horsley*
Illustrations
by *Edward Osmond* 9–12 and 52
Love Rules the Waves
by *Day Russell*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 17–19 and 58
Courage
by *Gilbert Hackforth-Jones*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 26–28 and 64
Arfie
by *Arthur Mills*
Illustrations
by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 30–32 and 67

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Two lovely smiles! **BUT–**

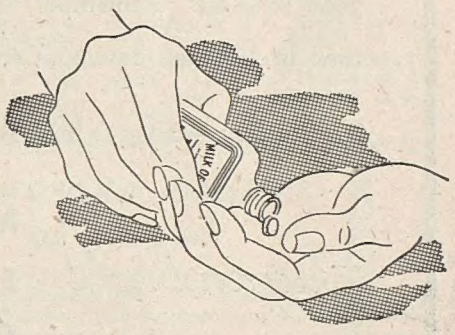
MISS FOOLISH *only cleans her teeth...*

...MISS WISE *safeguards hers by keeping gums healthy too!*

HOWEVER lovely your teeth may look you can lose the lot through bad gums. Take precautions; see your dentist regularly, and use S.R. Toothpaste—the sodium ricinoleate in S.R. strengthens gums to resist disease germs. And S.R. keeps your teeth gleaming white.

Gibbs **S.R.** TOOTHPASTE 1/4 *incl. tax*

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4
GR 147-974-65



Convenient,

palatable,

effective . . .

'Milk of Magnesia' * Tablets, by effectively correcting acidity, give prompt relief from indigestion. They are pleasantly mint-flavoured; convenient to take whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)
TABLETS

* *Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

HER GREATEST DAY

This is the day she dreams of — the day she will step out into all the happiness of a new life. But it's more than just a day to look forward to. It's a day that is worth saving up for.

So keep up those National Savings Certificates; they'll help to speed the happy day and give a good send-off. Remember, savings grow all the time in National Savings Certificates.

Easy to buy — Easy to hold — Easy to cash.

Buy and hold **NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**

EVERY £1 INVESTED WILL HELP TOWARDS THE NATIONAL TARGET OF £520 MILLIONS

Jester brings colour wherever he goes

Team up with Jester for a set of really lovely knitwear. Such softness, such knitability, such springy elasticity outlasting wash and wear. Glorious colours — from pastel shades more delicate than the dawn to deep rich hues outrivalling the rainbow. For everything you knit there's a JESTER WOOL unmatchable for quality and beauty. Follow Jester washing instructions and garments need "Never Shrink from a Wash."

To knit the jumper shown here get Jester Publication No. 1001.

Jester Wools *for Gayer Garments*

The Jester Wool Company Ltd.

JESTER HOUSE, ROMAN FORUM, LEICESTER

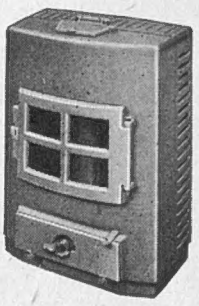
Your lovelier self

through the personal genius of Goya creator of perfumes that are expensive— but flawless

Goya

Perfume · Powder · Lipstick 161, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

PORTRAIT of a Famous **Fuel Saver**



ESSE

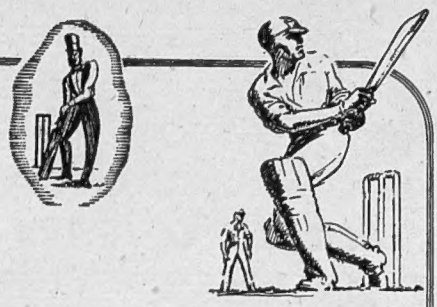
The No. 22 BJ ESSE (closed fire) is illustrated, but ESSE-DURA (open or closed fire) is also available.

Famous for their economical use of fuel, patent ESSE heating stoves provide continuous warmth—24 hours a day—at lowest possible cost. The closed type burns anthracite, coke, or smokeless fuel, and the open/closed type burns any solid fuel, including ordinary coal.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD.

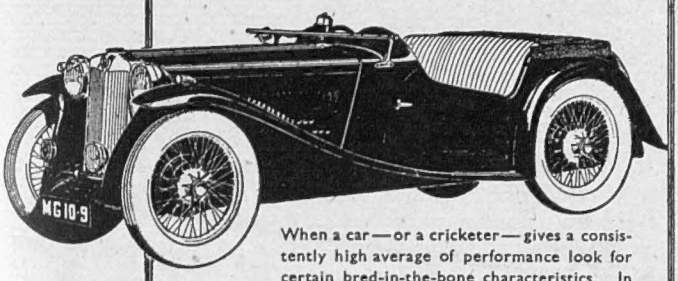
EST. 1854

HEAD OFFICE: BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
LONDON: 8 UPPER THAMES ST., E.C.4; 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4; 46 DAVIES ST., W.1.
LIVERPOOL: 20 CANNING PLACE: EDINBURGH; 17 GREENSIDE PLACE; GLASGOW: 11 DIXON STREET, C.1.



MG

Maintaining the Breed



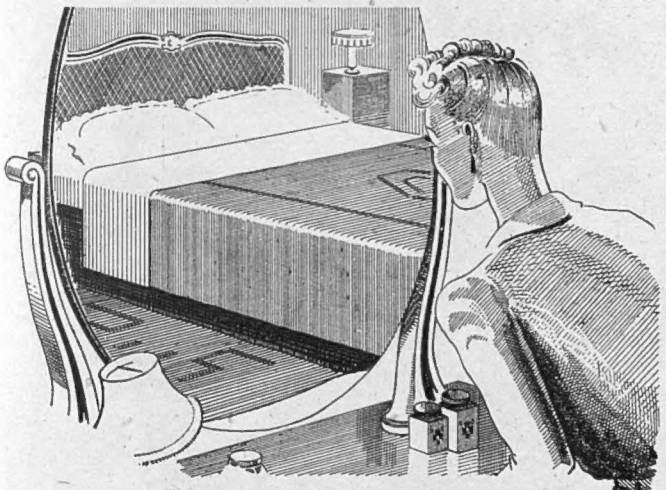
When a car—or a cricketer—gives a consistently high average of performance look for certain bred-in-the-bone characteristics. In the MG Midget these are liveliness, flexible power, rapid acceleration and supreme road worthiness. The new T. C. Series faithfully maintains the tradition.

Price . £412 10s. 0d. ex Works
(plus purchase tax £115 6s. 8d.)

Safety fast!

THE MG CAR COMPANY LTD., ABINGDON-ON-THAMES, BERKS.

REFLECTING CREDIT



There's a cause for pride in lovely bed-linen, and linen that has been cared for with the aid of Parozone reflects credit on all concerned—the linen itself, the housewife, the home, and on Parozone. There is nothing better for your linens and white things—generations of careful and houseproud women have proved it.

FROM GROCER OR STORE

PAROZONE REGD.

DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything to maintain supplies.

Glasgow: and at London and Nottingham

FAMILY GROUP

You'd hardly think the sugary and starchy foods were related. They look and taste so different from each other. Yet they all belong to the same family — the carbohydrates. They all are turned by your digestive system into the very same thing — glucose, or blood sugar. This you burn as fuel to make the wheels go round. Like the fats, the carbohydrates are fuel foods, only of a less concentrated kind. Here are the members of the carbohydrate family:

SUGARS Sugar, Jam, Marmalade, Syrup and Treacle, Honey, Dried Fruits.

STARCHES Semolina, Pearl Barley, Rice, Sago, Tapioca, Cornflour, Potatoes, Bread and Flour, Oatmeal and other whole-grain cereals.

The present bread and flour, like whole-grain cereals, give you besides fuel, second-class body-building material, vitamin B_1 and iron. Potatoes, blackcurrant jam (and marmalade to lesser extent) help with vitamin C, and dried fruits and *black* treacle, give some iron. The rest are fuels.

Keep them in their place

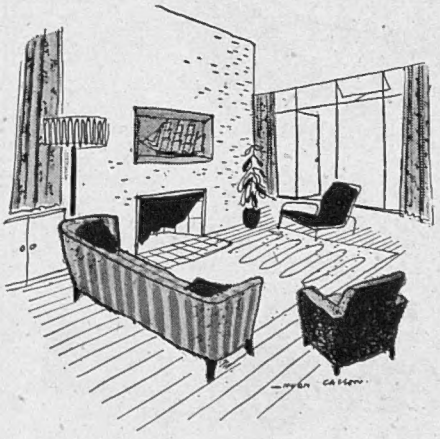
You don't have to worry much about getting enough of the carbohydrates. In fact, the main fault in many diets is that these foods are apt to steal the place of more important ones. Sugars and starches are good and necessary in their place, which is after you have planned for the main body-building and protective foods. Then they help to fill up the corners and to give variety to meals.

Join the **crusade against waste of bread**

As you remember, bread has its necessary place. You should eat as much as you really *need*. In this country, there is enough bread to go round, but none to waste. Save loaves and you may help to save lives.

MF WE MUST NOT WASTE WHILE OTHERS WANT

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.145)



It's always good to be on the inside looking out, especially if you look out from your own pleasant home. Soon you'll be able to make it more colourful and delightful than ever with the lovely new Sundour furnishing fabrics that'll be coming your way any time now.

Sundour *FINE FURNISHING FABRICS*

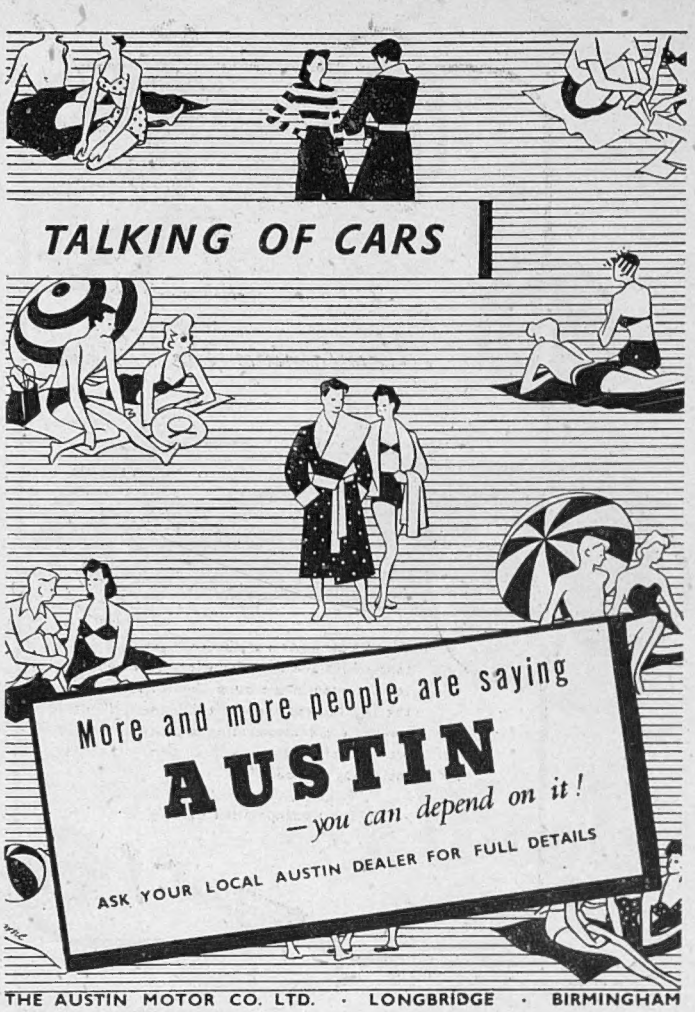
CPN.9.

"There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"
W. M. Thackeray — "The Virginians"

WILLS'S
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES

TT216GG

20 for 2/8



THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD. · LONGBRIDGE · BIRMINGHAM

Cool, Delightful, Fragrant

ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

AEC 153D-96

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

"Jolly good biscuits!"

It is difficult to resist Weston "Dainty Fare"! They are biscuits with a sweet, rich flavour and a delightful shortness of texture. Like other Weston biscuits they are made from the finest ingredients obtainable by the most highly skilled methods in the world.

Weston

Deep cleansing, yet gentle enough for even baby's tender skin, Gibbs Cold Cream Soap combines the toning power of soap-and-water cleansing with soothing, emollient action. That is because Gibbs Cold Cream Soap is SUPERFATTED and made from the purest materials. Your beauty treatment has the right start when you use it.

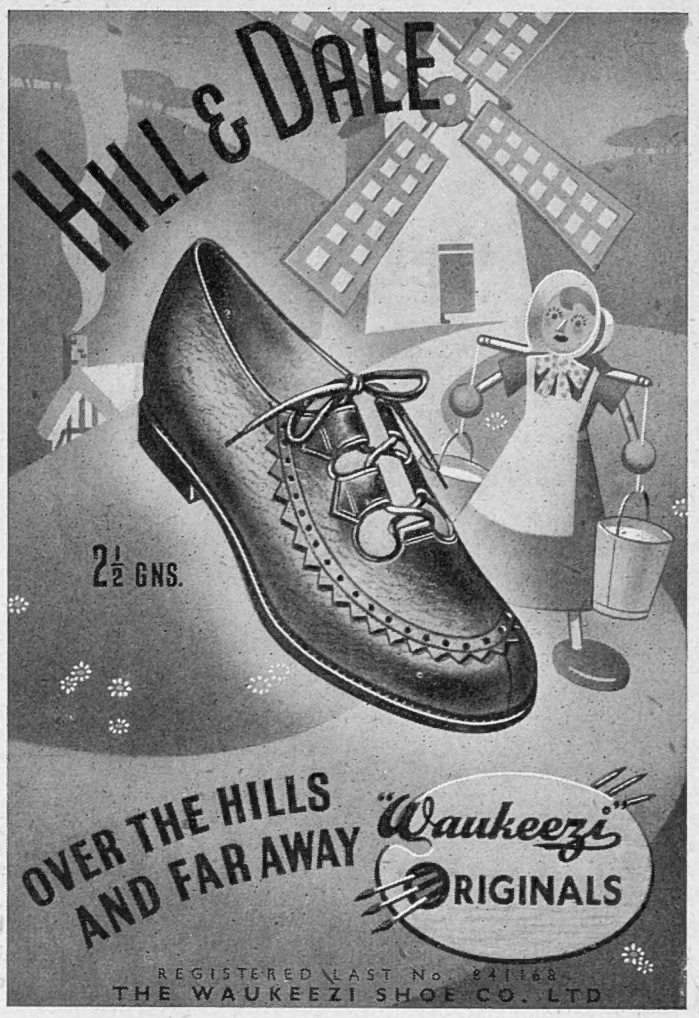
The perfume will be brought back to pre-war standard as soon as materials permit

Gibbs *Superfatted*

COLD CREAM SOAP

Ideal for Baby too!

GCC 30-110 D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4



Why every HOOVER REPRESENTATIVE carries one of these
THE BEARER IS AN AUTHORISED HOOVER REPRESENTATIVE
HIS PHOTO HERE
AUTHORISED HOOVER REPRESENTATIVE

The answer — to protect you against inferior workmanship or inflated charges. The Hoover Representative is trained the Hoover way. He will service your Hoover cleaner efficiently, thoroughly and at low cost. If you would like him to call — fill in and post the coupon below.

● *As new Hoover Cleaners become available they will be allocated to dealers immediately and sold at PRE-WAR prices — plus Purchase Tax.*

HOOVER LTD. (E.209) PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX.
● My Hoover Needs Service:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Telephone No. .....

The great moment...

When you slip this afternoon jumper on for the first time you'll hug yourself for joy! That's the great moment — clever you! Particularly clever in choosing a Copley's design, because Copley's join care to flair. Copley's instructions are made as simple as possible, accurate and easy to follow from the first stitch to the very last. Simply follow the pattern exactly — don't change the ply or size of the needles — and you won't go wrong! For fashions in wool brought brilliantly to life — Copley's.

Copley's

— a joy to knit and a joy to wear!

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS LTD., MANCHESTER

Pam's party frock is delightful

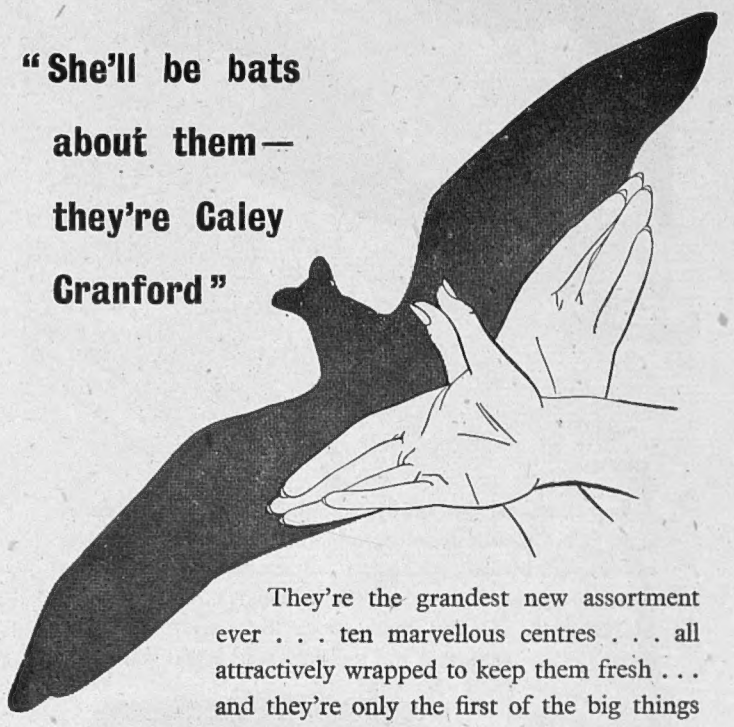
'Dayella'
REGD.

It's the nicest of all—till we welcome

'Viyella'
REGD.

'Dayella' is the most delightful Utility fabric. But what a welcome there will be for 'Viyella'—the incomparable fabric that washes so wonderfully and lasts so long. We hope there'll be some 'Viyella' for Pam's small sister before she's very much older.

"She'll be bats about them—they're Caley Cranford"



They're the grandest new assortment ever . . . ten marvellous centres . . . all attractively wrapped to keep them fresh . . . and they're only the first of the big things Caley's are getting ready—including your favourite chocolates, FORTUNE.

CALEY CRANFORD

the **NEW** *chocolate assortment—to buy* **NOW**

NS.5

GWR * LMS * LNER * SR

announcing

DEMOBILISATION CENTRE

Return of Trained Staff—

Of the 100,000 trained railwaymen serving in the Forces on V.E. Day one-third have now returned.

This means better service for you.

THE RAILWAYS ARE GETTING BACK TO NORMAL

BECAUSE THE NEW **FLIT** *combines* ALL *the latest scientific developments made in insecticides,* **FLIT** *is now better than ever—brings swift, knock-down death to pests.* Spray it and see!

FLIT
kills quicker than ever!

GROW YOUR VEGETABLES—

—and enjoy them with

Unexcelled C&B since 1706

CROSSE & BLACKWELL LTD

LONDON · ENGLAND

"What d'you mean by roller skating on my polished floor?"

"We are only giving Willie a lesson, Mother. We'll soon make the floor bright and lovely again with a rub of Mansion."

Use sparingly — still in short supply

MP TN

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINO

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

By Appointment

Cerebos

The "finest" salt

Part of the

PARKINSON

PLAN FOR BETTER LIVING

The "RENOWN" *CLEAN LINE* GAS COOKER

THE PARKINSON STOVE CO. LTD. BIRMINGHAM 9

dressing up begins

with

MERIDIAN

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD., Nottingham. *Est. 1815.* Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

It's a dream

it's... HARELLA

One of the many attractive designs in the Harella collection. Created by L. Harris Limited (wholesale only) 243 Regent St. London W.1

TWIN SET
in Two-Ply
Jacket in pattern throughout. Yoke and short sleeves of jersey in stocking stitch. Leaflet No. 2188 price 3d. or 4d. post free.
LA LAINE
knitting wool
The choice of discriminating women

If in difficulty please write Bairns-Wear Ltd. Dept. LL 328 Nottingham

CVS—L33

I'm looking forward to more, and lovelier

Aristoc

among the better things to come

FULL FASHIONED STOCKINGS

A red light seared through the blackness outside, and for a moment the aircraft appeared to be enveloped in flame

The Home Coming

A Short Story

By

Terence Horsley

THE last fix placed Malin Head 083 degrees 340 miles. In the words of the steward to the only wakeful passenger, the airliner was an hour and a quarter from land and less than two hours from her British base.

She was flying at 23,000 ft. in an eighty-knot wind from the nor'-nor'-west . . . a smooth, rushing wind without a ripple in its flow, so that within the pressurised hull it appeared a calm.

The passenger, glancing through the thick, airtight window, saw an unbroken field of cloud stretching to the horizon. It was like an Arctic scene among the pack-ice, such as a look-out might see from the masthead of his ship. Above it, the canopy of stars was arched in a blue-black vault.

The passenger shuddered. He was not an imaginative man, but there was something colder about it than the mere 45 degrees of frost which lay on the other side of the window. He turned his eyes on the steward.

"An hour and a quarter?" he repeated.

"About that, sir . . ."

"It doesn't feel like it and it doesn't look like it . . . yet right now I'm nearer home than I've been for thirty years."

The steward smiled tolerantly. He had brought many men home and had seen its emotion in every disguise. Home was what seemed to matter to rich and poor alike, although if you happened to be a Scot and had made a fortune in America, home-coming was a very religious thing. He folded the passenger's dressing-gown and laid it on the top of his suitcase.

"Would you be requiring anything more, sir?"

There was no answer. The passenger was staring again through the port, eyes fixed on the field of cloud, as though they were seeing things beyond it. The steward withdrew.

Twenty paces away, beyond the silver-fitted door, where there was no pile carpet and no primrose light to chase reflections across the panelling, the captain looked out of another window. It was broader and longer and thicker than the one in the passenger's cabin, and it offered a view which the passenger could not share. The captain could see ahead.

He saw the floor of the cloud rising. It gave the impression of a gentle snow-slope, so that an explorer would have said there was land beneath. It would demand an alteration to height if it continued, and maybe a fresh consideration of the final approach to the shore.

"Get another weather report," he said into the intercom.

He disengaged the automatic pilot and placed his hands and feet on the controls. As the gyroscopes slipped out of gear, he felt the life of the aircraft flow up into his fingers. Waiting for a moment until he had sensed the trim, he pulled back gently on the wheel until the cloudfield sank and the aircraft was in a shallow climb. In the compartment immediately aft, the radio operator flicked down the switch of his microphone and called the pilot.

"Radio to captain. . . . I can't raise base. . . . I'll try again in a few minutes."

The captain nodded. He had already opened up the throttle to seven pounds of boost and increased the revs. to twenty-two hundred. With these settings he could maintain the cruising speed and leave the navigator's plot unaffected. But he called the flight engineer and told him what he had done—a matter of routine, for the engineer had heard the alteration to the note of the engines and had seen it confirmed by eight of the fifty-five dials on his panel. As the captain spoke, he was synchronising the last of the motors on his duplicate set of pitch controls.

"Radio to captain. . . . I've been unable to raise base . . . the static is exceptional."

"I heard you," said the captain; "try again, and meantime ask Mr. Symes to step up here."

He wasn't worried. Too many electrical storms had passed over his head without doing him serious injury. Moreover, his attention had become focused on a more immediate problem. A wall of cloud was developing along the starlit horizon. It had the appearance of an ice reef, and though it looked negotiable at this distance, it probably reached to many thousands of feet over their present altitude. To the right and left, it stretched for as far as the eye could see, and here and there were bulbous protrusions which were split by cavernous shadows. . . . The door into the cockpit opened, and the second pilot poured

his bulky form through it as though it had been a fluid. In the same movement he put on the headpieces and drove their plug into its socket.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"I'm climbing . . . the weather looks unusual . . . wireless contact lost, and the temperature's dropping . . . what do you make of it?"

The newcomer waited before he replied. He had assimilated in a few moments many of the conditions of flight . . . that the height had been increased to twenty-six thousand feet . . . that the engines had been opened up . . . that the course was 079 magnetic . . . and that the automatic pilot was out. Now he looked across the green half-light of the cockpit to the transparent panels leading to the outside world. He saw the barrier of cloud and the slope leading up to its precipices. It loomed closer every second, and he estimated that at its lowest it was seven thousand feet above them.

"Over the top?" he queried.

"No," said the captain. "We'll have the freight complaining . . . the stuff is not less than thirty-three thousand . . . which will make the cabin fifteen thousand feet. . . .

The second pilot knit his brows. It was certainly too high to go over the top, which meant going through it or round it. Neither prospect accounted for the frown . . . it was the unexpectedness of the weather following the forecast—and the unusual height of the cloud in the late autumn. He raised his microphone again. "What was the temperature at twenty-three thousand?" he asked.

"Minus twenty," replied the captain. "It's dropped another fifteen degrees."

THE passenger observed the alteration to course. The stars swung across the circular disc of his window and steadied in a constellation of fresh patterns. To him, it meant the nearness of the end, the light at the mouth of a tunnel and the half-vision of the world beyond which he had not seen for so long. The thought brought a smile to his lips, so that his face glowed from the warmth of it. He took a pencil from the tray at his elbow and wrote a message. In another moment he had summoned the steward.

"Have this sent," he said. "It must get through before we land."

As the steward came into the corridor, he read "Angus McQuail, Auch-na-rhoid. I can hear the stags roaring and the pipes playing in the glen."

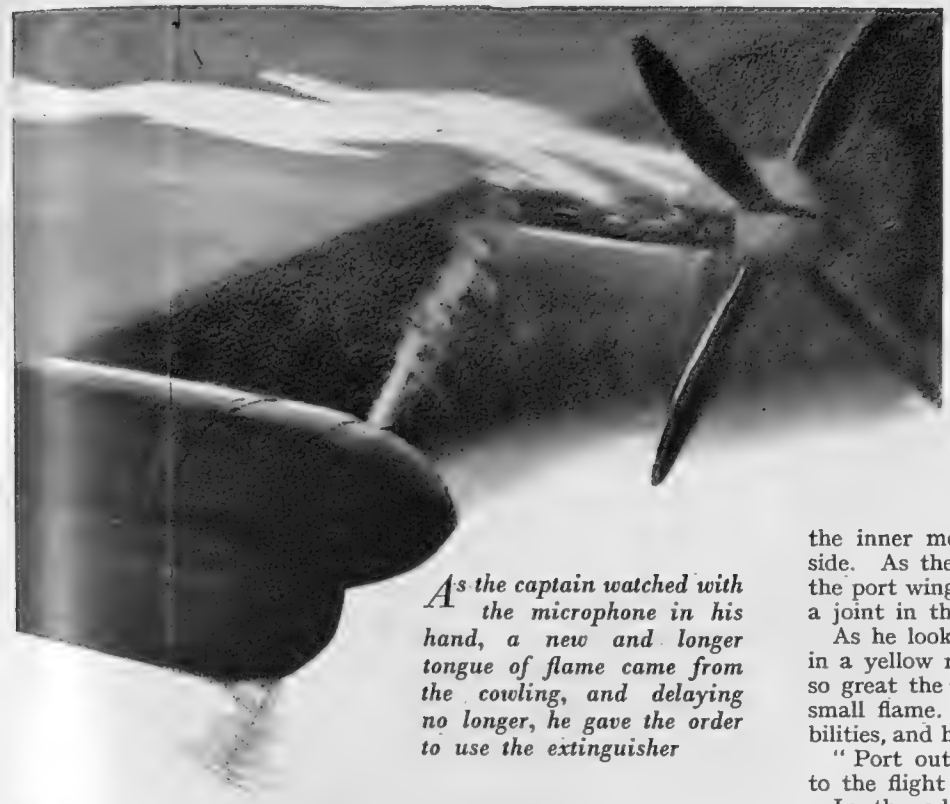
The steward shook his head and went forward with the paper to the little door where the carpet ended. Passing through, he laid it on the rubber-topped desk at the operator's elbow and bent his head to the other's ear. "Urgent," he said.

The operator glanced up, his eyes dancing with the fire of his shaded lamp.

"Leave it," he said. "I'm busy."

The steward saw him turn to his key, and waited while he called the land. There was evidently no answer, for presently

Illustrations by Edward Osmond



As the captain watched with the microphone in his hand, a new and longer tongue of flame came from the cowling, and delaying no longer, he gave the order to use the extinguisher

he laid down the receivers, and reaching back over his chair, touched the navigator on the shoulder. The navigator turned, and the operator shook his head. It seemed to the steward that the message was going to be unlucky. It was no concern of his—but it was a shame to take ten dollars from a passenger for nothing.

A red light winked over the navigator's head and froze him into attention. Loud and clear the voice of the captain came over the intercom.

"I'm going through it . . . course 079 magnetic . . . speed two five zero . . . height twenty-seven thousand feet . . . losing five hundred feet a minute down to eighteen thousand. . . . I'll take a correction when you've worked it out."

The navigator repeated the figures and turned swiftly to his board. Within ninety seconds he had called the captain again and given him a twelve-degree amendment to his course. As soon as the figure was repeated, he threw in the switches of the radar and searched the sea on the hundred-mile scale. Faint flickers of light danced on the fluorescent screen in the wake of the scanners . . . they were sea returns.

He had expected no more. By dead reckoning, the coast of Ireland was still 170 miles away.

The cloud had scarcely been entered when the leading edge of the wing was clothed in a livid violet sheaf, while every protuberance mounted a flickering crown of fire. Around the frame of the cockpit windows it began to dance in elfish abandon, and even along the instrument panel it winked. To those unaware of its character—among whom were many of the passengers—it seemed certain that the aircraft must burst into flames. Only the captain appeared unmoved, his face without expression, and his eyes held fast upon the instruments. The second pilot, helping to steady the kick and surge of the controls as the storm centre was reached, was moist in the palms of his hands. He was hoping that the captain would turn back.

There was much movement on the aircraft now. It was less violent than it would have been in a lighter-built machine. But tremors rippled down the fuselage and the woodwork groaned under the stress. The forces were revealed more startlingly outboard, where the wing tips fluxed as the strain altered from second to second.

The captain picked up his microphone and spoke to the operator. "Go aft," he said, "and tell the passengers that it is only static. There is nothing to be afraid of." He had scarcely hooked up the instrument when a red light seared through the blackness outside, and for a moment the aircraft appeared to be enveloped in flame. Both pilots instinctively ducked and shielded their eyes, and as it passed, the light burnt on in their brains. When it cleared, they saw that the play and flicker of the static along the wings and around the fuselage had gone—that the well of darkness through which they flew was complete.

"Maybe you were right," said the captain, voicing the second pilot's unspoken words.

A check of the instruments showed that the aircraft was still on an even keel and that her airspeed was unaltered. For a moment there appeared to be no damage.

It was a sudden pressure from the rudder bar, followed by a slewing of the upper needle of the turn-and-bank indicator, which revealed that the air-liner had not come through unscathed. The port outboard motor was losing revs., and instinctively the captain opened up the inner motor and throttled back those on the starboard side. As the trim was restored, he glanced downwards along the port wing to see a tongue of flame leap and flicker through a joint in the outer engine cowling.

As he looked, the flame took heart and grew, till it trailed in a yellow ribbon three feet long. So big was the ship and so great the distance from the cockpit, that it only looked a small flame. But the captain was in no doubt of its possibilities, and he tripped the switch which feathered the propeller.

"Port outer motor on fire . . . petrol off," he sang out to the flight engineer. . . . "Stand by the fire button."

In the adjoining compartment the flight engineer turned the cocks which cut off the petrol, and then waited with his thumb resting on the first of four buttons from which he had lifted the guard.

A passenger far down the fuselage started shouting. There was a noise of splintering woodwork, followed by a thud, and then quietness, save for the uneven beat of the engines.

The second pilot took over the controls, and now the captain watched the burning motor while he held the microphone to his lips. The fire had outlined the wing in bright relief, and its reflection glowed on the scudding mist.

For a moment the captain was undecided. The use of the extinguisher would put the engine out of commission, and though the ship would fly well enough on the remaining power, he hoped that the flames would die, and that eventually he might be able to restart the motor.

But as he watched, a new and longer tongue of flame came from the cowling, and delaying no longer, he gave the order.

For perhaps half a minute the flames danced and rippled along the edges of the cowling. Then quickly, as though a hand was withdrawing them, they grew shorter, wavered and died. The foam bubbled and seeped across the duralumin plates, choking the flames within, and even cooling the hot

From a peak on the opposite side of the glen a stag roared

metal. In two minutes the fire was out. In its place there began to creep the ghostly flicker of white ice, spreading along the edges of the wings.

When the lightning struck the aircraft, the passenger was lying with his eyes closed and his memory among the years back to which he was now being carried. The brightness of it filled his head with red light, so that it annulled his being and submerged even the sounds of flight in the fierceness of its moment. The violet flicker of the static had been nothing to this; indeed, he had taken little note of it after remarking its beauty, for he remembered that such phenomena were said to be common at great altitudes. But this was different. As he recovered from what seemed to be a physical blow, he became alive to the possibility of disaster. It was a chilling undercurrent of disappointment rather than fear. He had waited so long that to die now was unthinkable.

It was the cry of panic, heard throughout the pressure hull, which checked his thoughts and brought him, rigid, to his feet. It was repeated, and the terror of its tones unleashed his muscles as though by a trigger. Without awareness of what he did, he left his quarters and ran lurching down the centre gangway to where, at its termination, a sealed door led to the outside world. Here he found a man, with face distorted, clawing at the levers which closed the opening. Gathering himself against the pitch of the aircraft, he hit the man with all his strength. The body collapsed, as he had seen a stag collapse after a shot through the heart. He stood over it, bewildered and sick at heart.

While he remained there, he became aware of another at his side, and looking up, he saw the wireless operator.

"I guess I hit him harder than I meant," he said.

"You saved me the bother," said the operator. "Give me a hand to get him into his cabin."

They half-lifted and half-dragged the body along the passage, and throwing it on to a bunk, leaned against the bulkhead for support, exhausted and perspiring.

"It's the altitude," said the operator. "It takes it out of you."

As they stood there, they became aware of the fire. The light of it glanced on the frame of the window and drew their eyes like steel to a magnet. It bereft each of speech, until its import had sunk into their minds. Then, grasping the hand-rail of the bunk for closer support, they watched it in silence while the fuselage tossed and pitched in the rough air. Between them, the third man sprawled on the cushions, his face white and his chest heaving in broken rhythm.

"Well," said the passenger, "is this the end of the journey?"

"I don't know," replied the operator. "It depends on the fire."

They looked again through the circular port, and the glow of the flames suffused the primrose lights of the cabin with a more rosy warmth. It shone on the damp skin of their faces.

"How do you get to a fire like that?" said the passenger. He was remote from himself, so that it seemed as though another voice was speaking.

"You press a button on the control-board. . . . I've never seen the result. . . . I've never had a fire before."

So they stood and watched, and it was then that the flight engineer pressed his thumb into the emergency panel. To the men in the cabin, it was as though God had answered their unspoken prayers, for they saw the flames wilt and retreat into the engine nacelle.

"We'll make it," said the operator.

The extinction of the fire put life into the operator's limbs, and turning, he left the passenger and made his way for'ard. In the gangway the steward was coming from one of the cabins.

"All well," he said, smiling.

"All well," replied the steward.

They stood face to face, listening. The rhythm had come back to the motors, and the ship was riding more easily.

As the operator reached (*Continued on page 52*)

Looking up, he saw the wireless operator. "I guess I hit him harder than I meant," he said. "You saved me the bother," said the operator. "Give me a hand to get him into his cabin"

(*On left*)
Heathrow, London's airport, seen from the air. The rough area in the centre of the picture has still to be cleared for the permanent terminal buildings

London Airport's only brick-built building is the temporary control tower. Eventually, flying control facilities will be incorporated in a permanent building in the central terminal area

This Way For New York

By Arnold Wareing

(*In circle*)
Greet them with flowers. A celebrity arrives. Miss Jeanette MacDonald, the film star, lands at London Airport

AT Feltham, between the Bath and Staines roads, you see the Shape of Things to Come more clearly than anywhere in Britain to-day: the vast London Airport, fourteen miles from the city's centre, which is steadily growing out of a mud-huddle of ex-R.A.F. huts, tents, operational caravans, and 9,000 feet runway.

Recently, from the control tower, I saw a Pan-American Constellation from Brussels touch down en route to Shannon and New York. On the tarmac apron below stood the American Airlines Skymaster Flagship *Boston* and another Constellation, the B.O.A.C. record-breaker *Balmoral* which flew New York–London in 11 hours 24 minutes on her test flight. A sparkling picture they made in windy sunlight, with their red or blue lateral markings on silver-grey fuselage. We anticipated, when flying was in its infancy, that as aircraft design developed its lines would get nearer a bird's. These subtly streamlined four-engined giants of up to forty-four seating capacity had the poise and grace of gulls and, at the same time, a look of safety, stability. They could hop the Atlantic not as a stunt but in their routine stride, carrying twenty-two on the westward, thirty-nine on the eastward crossing.

A girl standing by the instruments in the control room does the booking for Control Officer W. F. Rimmer; she must have one of the most absorbing jobs of any woman in Britain. Approaching aircraft are in radio touch within, roughly, a twenty-miles radius—the Americans by very high-frequency voice, which they prefer because it is quicker; the British mostly by high- or medium-frequency morse which comes staidly through the headphones instead of blasting out of a loudspeaker.

"Approaching at 8,500 feet above cloud," says the Yank; and later: "Coming in at 5,000 feet below cloud." She gets her landing signal, touches down like a caress, and taxis round to the apron, where (*Continued on page 52*)

Passing through the customs. Inside the marquee used as a customs' shed, pending the erection of permanent buildings

(*Below*)
Leaving for Sydney, Australia. A B.O.A.C. Lancastrian, with a full complement of passengers, about to take off from London Airport on what is known as the longest and fastest flown air route in the world

Report On France

Almost like old times again. Paris is not really herself yet, but life is happier

Montmartre is merry again. The world-famous Moulin Rouge which is now a cinema

THE English businessman, who had a mouth like a bent nail, delivered his report as we waited for a walrus in blue uniform to riffle through our bags at Le Bourget airport.

"France is a nation of black marketeers; and Paris isn't what it used to be. You'll find things in a sad mess here."

I murmured that I'd heard the same report on Britain, America, Eire, Russia, Germany, Iceland and Siam; and that Julius Cæsar, Attila, Robespierre, Napoleon, the Bourbons, and the politicos of the Third Republic, all found France in a mess, while during the thirty years I'd been enjoying her intermittently I'd never known her to be in any other state.

It's easy, compressing a nation into a phrase. I tried it after one day in a sunny Paris. "France," I noted, "is a nation whose girls have been greatly improved by the war. Their hair is beautifully textured, has a newly-washed look, and is ash-blonde when not aluminium in colour. Their bare tanned legs are fully displayed by sports-length skirts and they walk strongly like dancers in very smart shoes with very high wedge heels. Although stockingless and hatless, they invariably wear gloves and carry rolled umbrellas and large, square bags sensibly slung on a shoulder strap. They adorn the streets as flowers adorn a room."

A resident correspondent, regaling me with an ample tea of white bread, butter, jam and cheese sandwiches—procured through his Embassy, which takes care that its staff and its nation's newspaper correspondents don't waste away—told me that the French citizen can get little meat or sugar, almost no butter, and absolutely no coffee, and only three packs of bad cigarettes every ten days.

"You mean France is a nation practically without food?"

He looked at me. "Well, it's like this. You live one-third on the official ration and two-thirds on the black market. The two merge and constitute the French economic system. Fuel is terrible. Last winter I got hold of four tons of wood and stored it in my two spare rooms here. I was lucky to get the wood and have the storage space."

He gave me a side-light on why some rationed supplies are

(Below) The Deligny swimming pool crammed with Parisians. During the hot spell thousands of Parisians went to the swimming pools, and any spot where they could wear the minimum of clothing

C. Patrick Thompson, The Author Of This Article, Recently Travelled Through France — A Country He Knows Well — And Gives These Vignettes Of Life In Post-War Gaul

A miniature battle of flowers during the Mi-Carême carnival. Organized by the students of Paris University, it showed a return to the pre-war Parisian gaiety

A girl grape picker in the champagne country of North-eastern France. The wine harvest is very promising

In Paris, the open-air cafés are crowded and the Parisians enjoy their beer, Pernod or coffee

short, and how the black market is fed. A town was not getting its quota of an important rationed commodity, and the head official concerned went to the regional control bureau and saw the head man. "Good morning," said the functionary, "I'd been expecting you. You're having trouble with your supplies. I'll send your arrears and next month's quota, and you'll draw four-fifths of it and send me back the remaining fifth. Eh? Right?"

"Right," agreed his visitor. He got his supplies.

IT seemed that France was a nation of abundance for the rich, and near-starvation for the rest. But cafés and restaurants were crammed. I saw no signs of malnutrition among the milling crowds. I recalled being hung up forty minutes at Air France terminal because all the taxis had buzzed off with fares to the races. In the Grand Prix alone at Longchamps punters laid down 47,234,430 francs, and gate receipts totalled 92,253,000 francs. The Deligny Baths, near the Place de la Concorde, and other Seine bathing spots, suggested the line-up outside Brighton platform ticket gate at Victoria on a Bank Holiday. The pool at the Racing Club in the Bois du Boulogne looked like the Savoy dance floor on a crush night. They told me they were averaging 1,500 a day in a pool for which 300 is quite a crowd. The leafy woods, the river banks, were crowded with walkers; the roads were full of fast-pedalling bicyclists and rushing motorists; the Seine and Marne had more row-boats and canoes than I'd seen in pre-war days.

One might have noted: "France is a nation of swimmers, hikers, boaters, racegoers, and pleasure-goers." But I had tired of that game. I did wonder, though, how all these people could go on in this way if they were so badly off for food. Maybe there were no poor in Paris; or, maybe, the rich were a very numerous class, indeed.

Anyway, there are enough Parisians with money to keep 1,200 black market restaurants going, apart from the luxury restaurants which collect for the government a tax of 63 per cent on every customer's bill. All restaurants have a set-price menu, but most have a supplementary list, and in the black market restaurant you can have as many courses as you like. This can be expensive. Checking on my bills, I find one Ritz lunch for three, 1,790 francs for wines and couverts, tax on that 930 francs (say £2), and *débours* 2,070 francs (that was smoked salmon instead of the set-menu hors d'œuvre or soup, and chicken instead of the table d'hôte fish). Total, 4,790 francs, or say £10. Lobster for three, also a *débours* item, cost 1,090 francs: that's about four times as high as the price at Scott's in London. Of a total 3,000 francs, or say £6, 220 francs went for the 12 per cent service charge, and 930 (*Continued on page* 58)

The children are back at school and the second-hand book dealers are doing an excellent trade in school books which are in short supply

(On left) A general view of the Grand Prix at Longchamps. The gate receipts totalled 92,253,000 francs, and punters staked 47,234,430 francs on the result of the race

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

The "true traveller" turned his can head down so that it shouldn't rust for the next of the fraternity

Controlling All Tramps

Should Men Of The Open Road Be Disciplined And Made To Work?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

I COULDN'T have been the only one to blink upon reading that Mr. Aneurin Bevan proposed extending the scope of his housing programme to provide for tramps. Faced by the task of providing roofs for millions, against time, why rope in the only people who did not want homes and were not house hunting? Could the passion for control go further?

Was there even a tramp problem? In the early 'thirties of unemployment, the tramp population in the United Kingdom rose to 16,000. But war acts as the sure blight of the Open Road, and by VE-Day the total had sunk to 500. Mr. Bevan disclosed that it was now 807 (out of 47,000,000) and that "suitable treatment" was to be applied. Rather, had they not better be conserved and eventually pickled these last, fast vanishing freaks of nature. who expressed man's instinct to shake off the dog collar of convention, and to stride free of the tussle for existence, of all the din and vexation and flattening responsibility?

I recollected one tramp's reply to Margot Asquith who had asked how he decided in which direction to go each day. "I always turn me back on the wind, ma'am." How could others bring themselves to banish so airfree a way of life? It brought back to mind those two vagabonds of *A Nous la Liberté*, walking away over the hill at the finale, bursting with personal freedom. And what of the little tramp of *City Lights*. Was he so very "anti-social"?

To put matters on the highest tramping plane, what of the risk of extinguishing the inspiration of some budding Villon, Burns, Borrow, Walt Whitman, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Francis Thompson, W. H. Davies, all of whom, and others as celebrated, took to the road as birds to the bow? "A knight of the highway who lived like a pet bird" was how Bernard Shaw once described Davies, although that figure of speech appertained to the Welsh poet's apprenticeship in America, where it wasn't necessary for the tramp to put on a selling act or otherwise demean himself.

The very breadth of the country meant much, for tramps fare better in the larger spaces, just as they do in the outer suburbs of a city. Davies has told how American tramps always chose for their camp, the first wood on the railroad, outside a town, and how newcomers knew the kind of tramps who had just been there, by the way they left their cans. The "true traveller" turned his can head down so that it shouldn't rust for the next of the fraternity. The tramps spent their mornings mending and washing. The dinner-hour sirens were the signal to set off for the town—the psychological time to knock for a meal. Afternoons were passed in reading and talking in the camp, and evenings were given to cooking the extra food that the midday collection had produced.

"*Anti-social, the lot of them! Work-shy, recalcitrant . . . must be disciplined . . . helped to find work . . .*" booms the loudspeaker of the Socialist State; and, in fact, those are Bevan's words. The Minister of Health might, however, have communicated more of his tramp dossier to the public. For it isn't as simple as he makes it sound.

Before the war there were five types on the highways and by-ways of Britain, upon whom Society could bestow the label "vagrant."

Firstly came the born virtuoso, usually getting on in years and knowing all the ropes. "One of nature's gentlemen," was the cliché, and once Elia launched a sentimental literary nostalgia for him, which was taken up again, over Davies, in 1919. Like Lavengro, the natural tramp had "the endless trouble of doing what he liked with himself"—and precious few other troubles, chiefly worry over rain, the eternal enemy alike of comfort and of selling.

The virtuoso looked upon any form of exacted labour, short of brief and very occasional farm work in the sun, as something to be resisted as methodically as puritans resist indulgence. He might offer laces, razors, spectacles, pins and needles. Or he might be a "downrighter," one who expected "the whole penny for nothing." In either case he found the working-men's town the best, not the places where folk tried to live above their means, and he would slip in at the time called "low," meaning when the police dozed. When challenged he had his set answer: "I'm working for Johnny Walker, road surveyor."

But the chief characteristic of the virtuoso was his horror of the casual ward. "Common lodging houses are made for the true beggar, not workhouses. The true beggar wishes to suppress this charge on the rates and spoiler of the road." So, Davies. When the genuine tramp did have to use the casual ward it must have been about the only time he went into top speed— in order to get out again. (*Continued on page* 66)

The virtuoso learnt what was perhaps his greatest feat: the capacity to sleep while standing reading a newspaper

The navvy has this peculiarity among tramps: he washes

Think of the hospitable countryside of America

Long ago the return from the wars did have its effect on the Open Road

GERTIE the barmaid, frowned at the wind-blown youth of Susan Leclair only because beauty tended to undermine her firmness

Love Rules The Waves

An Anglo-American Romance Of The Last Days Of The War

By Day Russell

AN angry girl, leaning against a full gale from the sea, pushed her way towards the village. The village was a single street that ran down a steep hill to a little fishing harbour facing a bay on the English Channel. Whitecaps and blown spray raced across the bay and great angry clouds beat at the sea with sudden obliterating gusts of rain. The girl stopped at the top of the hill confronted by an anger of the elements greater than her own.

The squeaking of a swinging sign lifted her eyes to Admiral Benbow who had given his name and his portrait to an inn whose low roof and snug bay windows had been made—centuries ago—secure against weather such as this. The inn looked solid, sure and comfortable in a raging world and to a raging girl.

The Admiral, on his backward swing, looked down on the girl and was unmoved by her anger or by her figure into whose trim lines the gale was beating a loose raincoat. In life, Admiral Benbow had had a shrewd eye for a trim ship with a cleanly chiselled figurehead, and it was a pity that, in his present state, he was unable to appreciate how those qualities graced this girl.

From Admiral Benbow the girl looked to the inn and, without hesitating, strode to the thick oak door, twisted the latch, opened it, stepped inside, then found herself fighting to shut the door against the swirling wind.

She leaned against it to get her breath and found herself being frowned upon by Gertie, the barmaid, who was polishing the dark oak of the bar. Generations of Gerties had contributed to the glasslike polish of that bar but few had wielded such a masterly duster as Gertie. Gertie had not only inherited the inn but she had inherited its solid, sure character and she ruled the "Admiral Benbow" and its customers with easy-going firmness. She had a well-braced, buxom figure and her plump face was crowned with a head of close red ringlets which were a warning welcome or a warning signal—as the case might be—to those who could read sign.

During the war, she had been a tower of strength, a mother-confessor, and a stander-of-no-nonsense to the crews of the motor torpedo-boats whose home port had been the harbour at the bottom of the village street.

Gertie frowned at the wind-blown youth of Susan Leclair only because beauty tended to undermine her firmness. "It ain't opening time yet. You Americans and them Canadians never could understand that what the law says, the law means

"NICKY, his duffle coat all drenched with spray, came in last. The first thing he saw was you and if ever a man was hit over sideways first glance, it was Nicky"

and I never broke it yet."

"I don't want anything, Gertie," snapped Susan. "I just want to let off to someone."

"Well"—Gertie shook out her duster—"I always 'ave a cup of tea before opening time to keep up me strength. You'd better come into my little parlour."

Susan looked round at the oak-panelled walls, oaken settles and long tables, all gleaming with polish and catching comfortable lights from the cheerful coal fire at one end of the room. Generations had relaxed in this ancient inn and something of their ease had settled into the very bones of the place. The wind could howl outside but inside there was peace. Susan Leclair had come to England during the war as a Wave, the American equivalent of the British Wrens, and in a moment of misguided emotion—so it seemed to her present mood—she had fallen in love with a British naval type who was directly responsible for the anger which embittered her honey-brown eyes. She followed Gertie into the private parlour.

It was a tiny room centred round a fireplace set back in the wall, with a hob each side, on one of which stood the purring kettle and, on the other, the ever-ready teapot. There were two wicker chairs facing the fireplace and the rest of the room seemed full of little tables, glass-doored what-nots, which—and the walls also—were covered every inch with mementoes of the sea brought from all parts of the world, civilized and uncivilized, by Gertie's sailor friends. The only space of the walls not occupied by sea-memories was above the fireplace where two stiff enlargements of ancient photographs paid reverence to Gertie's departed parents.

Gertie found another cup and saucer while Susan planted herself squarely, back to the fire, hands behind back, and frowned.

Gertie had pretended not to notice her mood until she set the cup down on its saucer.

"Bit upset this morning?" she said, without looking up.

"Upset?" The word jumped out of Susan's usually very attractive lips. "I hate this country, I hate its climate, I hate its customs and I hate Englishmen."

"Well, you married one," said Gertie. "How do you like your tea?"

"I hate the damned stuff but I'll take it as it comes."

"So you've had another quarrel," said Gertie, adding milk and sugar to the tea.

"And how!" said Susan furiously.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

"Well," said Gertie calmly. "No sooner is it peace on the Western front that it's war on the 'ome front. What was it about this time?"

"Toast," said Susan.

"And what did he say?"

"If it's brown it's done, if it's black it's burnt."

"And what did you do?"

"I threw it at him."

"Which side was the butter?" asked Gertie.

"Face-side forward."

"Good," said Gertie calmly, sipping her tea. "As I always say, if you're going to do a thing, do it properly."

"And I told him if his sort of Englishmen had any enterprise, they'd have automatic toasters that would do a job and not burn one end before the other starts browning."

"Well, of course," said Gertie. "They've been a bit busy this past couple of years. And of course, you know what's going to happen, don't you? Come opening time, he's going to be 'ere drinking himself into a fight unless I stop 'im."

"Don't stop him," said Susan. She looked particularly beautiful when she was angry. "And I hope he picks someone twice his size."

"That's just what he would do, only they don't come big enough for that round these parts. Your tea will be cold." Gertie watched Susan pick up her cup and stir the tea. "You know, I can still see 'im that day when you first come in. You was pretty as a picture in that American Navy uniform of yours, and those American officers was round you like bees round the honeypot. It was a pretty nasty night in winter if I remember and then our boys came in. They'd just come ashore from a patrol and they'd had a sticky time out there in the Channel. Nicky, Lieutenant Nicholas Leclair he was then, came in last. I can see 'im now, 'is duffle coat all drenched with spray. The first thing he saw was you and 'is eyes never left you. I says to myself then, if ever a man was hit over sideways first glance, it was Nicky. And 'e never did recover."

Susan set her cup down with a clatter. "Until I married him."

Gertie poured another cup. "The way that man used to propose to you every time 'e saw you! I says to 'im, I says, 'Nicky, you're overdoing it.' And 'e says to me, 'Gertie,' he says, 'I'm that crazy about that girl, if she don't say yes soon, I'll do something desperate.' And that's what 'e did."

Susan glowered at her cup as Gertie went on.

"Yes," said Gertie, "and that's what he did and they gave 'im the D.S.O. for it. Nearly got himself killed for his trouble. That was the night when all the boats except 'is came back, and when the boys told us Nicky was missing, that was the first time I saw you was in love with him. You played your cards close, you did."

"I should have thrown the whole pack away," said Susan angrily.

"You couldn't have done it," said Gertie. "Not that night. You came back after closing time that night and we both came in here and had a good cry; then I made you a cup of tea and I told you not to worry that there was plenty more fish in the sea, which was a tactless thing of me to say, seeing as that was where 'e was and that started you off again."

"Poor comfort, you were," said Susan a little less angrily.

"Well, it wasn't as if you had any right to sympathy, the way you'd treated him. Then just about three o'clock in the morning we heard the ambulances going down to the quay and you just up and ran down, no hat, no coat, midwinter. And it was 'is boat what had limped in on half an engine, full of holes, and all the crew wounded. We got there just as they was helping Nicky into the ambulance and a sight 'e was, soaking wet, what with sea and blood. But when he saw you, he just smiled in that way 'e has and says, 'Ow about marrying what's left of me?' and you says, breathless-like, 'Yes, yes, oh yes!' With that he passes out before you 'as time to take it all back. So now it's all over?"

Susan looked down into her saucer and spoke quietly. "Yes, I'm going home."

"Pity," said Gertie, "it's been nice having you around."

"It's been nice knowing you, Gertie."

"That's what they all say." Gertie (*Continued on page* 58)

Man Overboard!

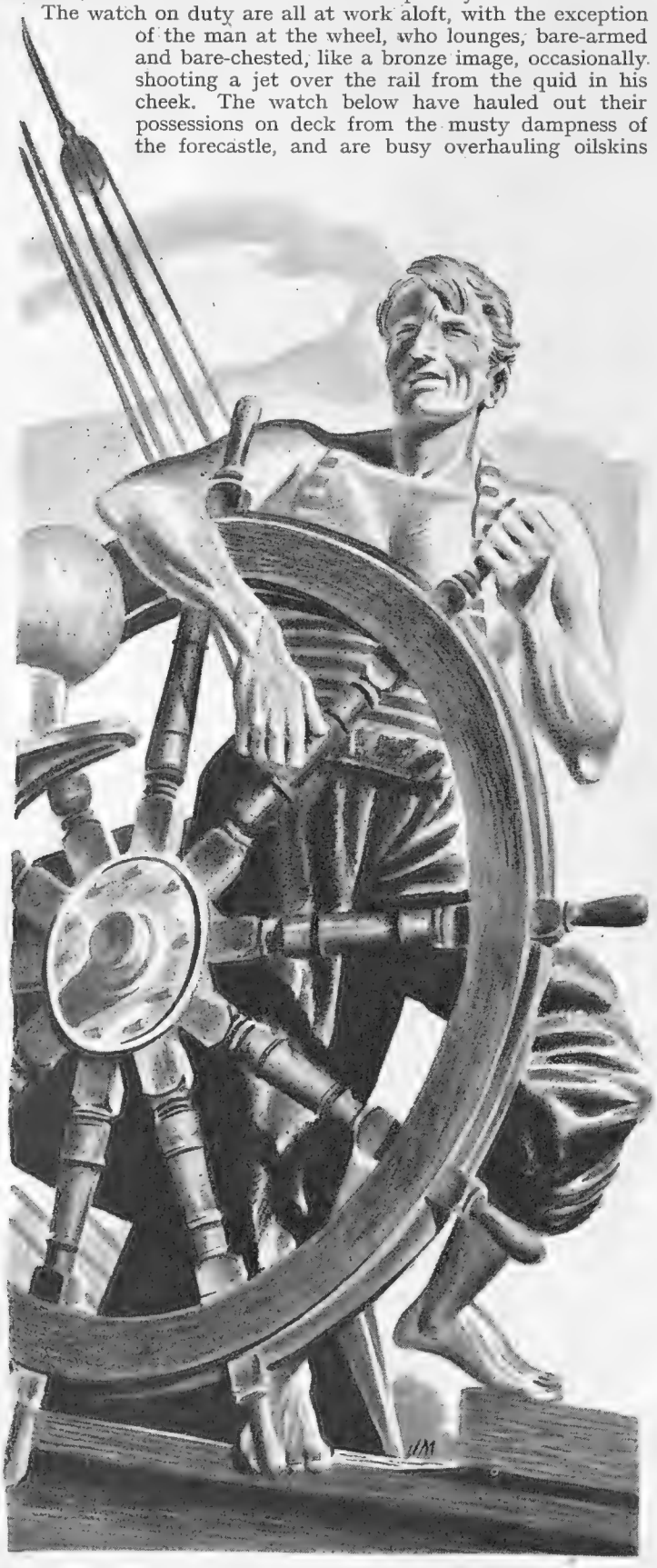
Thrilling Tales Of Rescue And Peril At Sea

By C. Fox Smith

PICTURE a tall ship swaying steadily to the south'ard in the lap of the Trade. . . .

All round her the tropic ocean spreads unbroken to the horizon, deep blues and purples flecked with caps of foam, and here and there by flashes of silver where a shoal of flying fish break surface. One above another, piled like summer clouds, her sails climb to meet the tropic sky.

The watch on duty are all at work aloft, with the exception of the man at the wheel, who lounges, bare-armed and bare-chested, like a bronze image, occasionally shooting a jet over the rail from the quid in his cheek. The watch below have hauled out their possessions on deck from the musty dampness of the forecastle, and are busy overhauling oilskins and seaboots against the bitter days to come. One of them is droning away an interminable sailor's song, about one William Hall who ended an unedifying career on the gallows; and the rest are yarning and chatting about good times in foreign ports and others still to come.



The watch on duty are all at work aloft with the exception of the man at the wheel, who lounges, bare-armed and bare-chested, like a bronze image

Suddenly a shout from aloft breaks the drowsy peace of the afternoon. A falling body passes across the sunlight that is dappling the rounded surfaces of the sails; and, missing the pin-rail by a matter of inches, vanishes from sight in the broken water alongside.

"Man overbo-o-oard!" The shout is hardly needed to bring every man on deck to his feet, tossing aside oilskins and sennet mats and ships half in and half out of bottles, in response to the call no seaman can ignore. No need to call for volunteers to man the boat which will be needed to pick up the man in the water; there are enough to man her twice over. The ship is brought to the wind, the boat lowered. And in a matter of minutes the man, still clinging to the lifebuoy tossed to him by the helmsman as the ship surged by him, is hauled once more on board, very little the worse for his adventure. He is an apprentice, a first voyager—and one old seaman—the same whose song about William Hall was interrupted by the incident—may be heard to say that b'ys is allus up to something, and that a touch of the rope's end 'd l'arn him to have one hand for himself and another for the ship next time. . . .

NEEDLESS to say, not all such occurrences had such a fortunate outcome; and, as one glances through the time-yellowed and sea-stained pages of old abstract logs of sailing-ships, how often one comes across such entries as this: "T. Brown, A.B., fell from aloft. A high sea was running at the time and it was impossible to lower a boat." What a tragedy is in those few words! What a heavy responsibility on the shoulders of the captain compelled to choose between risking the lives of a boat's crew and leaving a man to his fate; and what a gloom on the men who must see their lost shipmate's empty bunk, and mainsail-haul his few possessions for the benefit of wife or child or mother, who will wait for his homecoming in vain. . . . How great the risk to a boat's crew in such circumstances may be indicated in the story of the *Earl of Jersey's* lifeboat, which went away near Gough Island, in the South Atlantic, to pick up an apprentice who had fallen from aloft. Neither boat nor crew were ever seen again.

A STORY with a very different ending, however, was that of a young apprentice named Wait, who slipped and took a header over the rail one fine day in the Indian Ocean when engaged in dipping up water in a bucket on the end of a rope. Nobody was about when it happened. Nobody heard his cry for help, and of course in a very short time a ship, however slowly she might be moving through the water at the time, would be far out of earshot of a boy's despairing call.

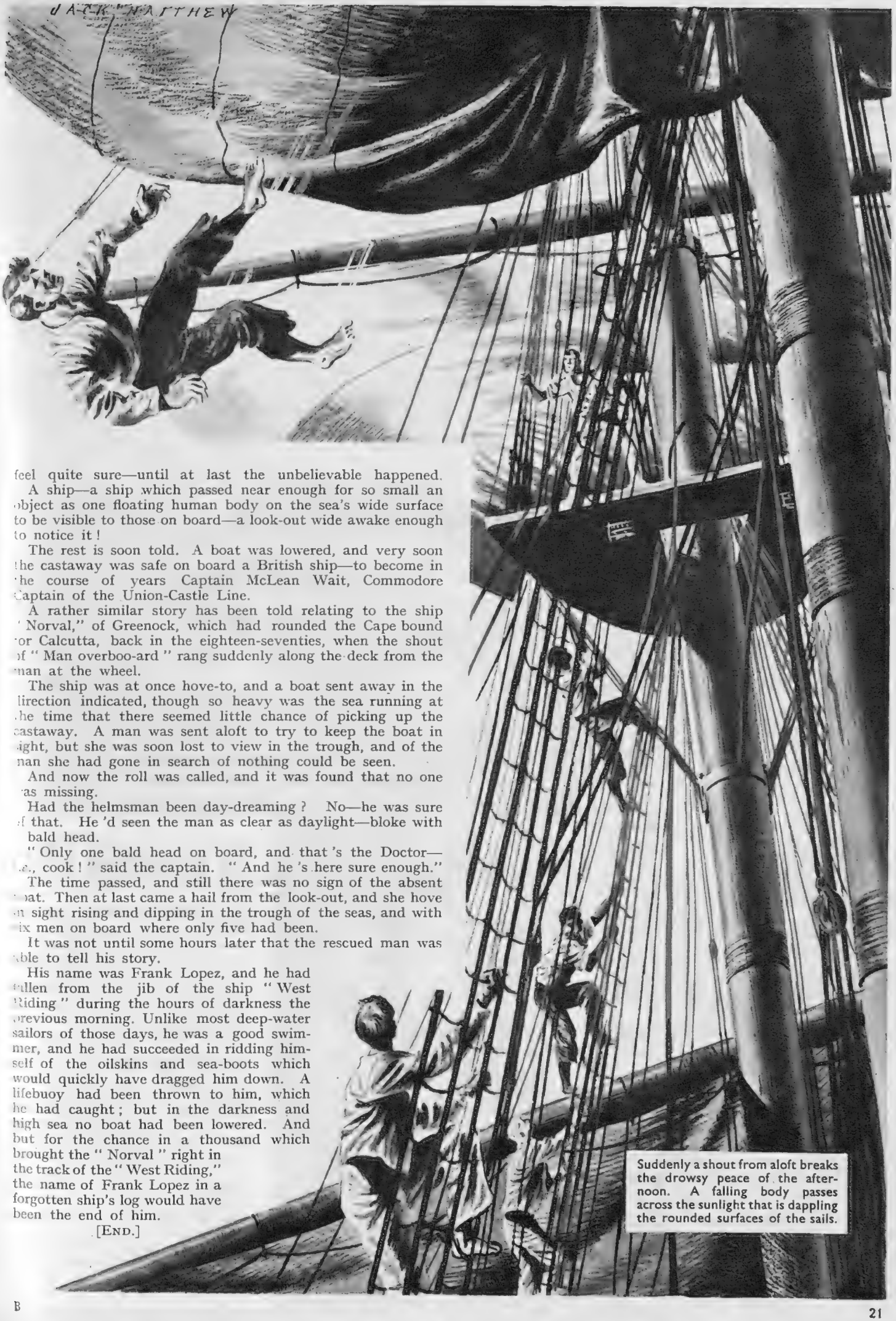
Young Wait's feelings when he saw the ship he had left in so unexpected a fashion holding steadily on her course may be better imagined than described. At last, all hope had to be abandoned that his absence might be discovered in time for him to be picked up and the prospect of coming out alive was so remote as to be almost non-existent.

A good many people, in the circumstances, might have been excused for giving up the unequal struggle and letting the sea have its will of them. But young Wait, as his later career was to prove, was made of sterner stuff.

As soon as he realized that he was going to be left to sink or swim, he wasted no more of his energies on vain shouts or signals. He turned on his back and floated. The water was warm, and to keep afloat with a few hundred fathoms of ocean under you is of course very much easier than in shallow water. Sometimes he swam a little. But mostly he floated.

His chief anxiety was the possibility of sharks; his chief trouble, and that a very serious one, was thirst. The first-mentioned, however, did not detect the presence of so easy a victim; while the moisture which he took in through his skin kept the worst torments from the latter cause at bay.

And so the hours went by—just how many he could never



Suddenly a shout from aloft breaks the drowsy peace of the afternoon. A falling body passes across the sunlight that is dappling the rounded surfaces of the sails.

feel quite sure—until at last the unbelievable happened.

A ship—a ship which passed near enough for so small an object as one floating human body on the sea's wide surface to be visible to those on board—a look-out wide awake enough to notice it!

The rest is soon told. A boat was lowered, and very soon the castaway was safe on board a British ship—to become in the course of years Captain McLean Wait, Commodore Captain of the Union-Castle Line.

A rather similar story has been told relating to the ship "Norval," of Greenock, which had rounded the Cape bound for Calcutta, back in the eighteen-seventies, when the shout of "Man overboo-ard" rang suddenly along the deck from the man at the wheel.

The ship was at once hove-to, and a boat sent away in the direction indicated, though so heavy was the sea running at the time that there seemed little chance of picking up the castaway. A man was sent aloft to try to keep the boat in sight, but she was soon lost to view in the trough, and of the man she had gone in search of nothing could be seen.

And now the roll was called, and it was found that no one was missing.

Had the helmsman been day-dreaming? No—he was sure of that. He 'd seen the man as clear as daylight—bloke with bald head.

"Only one bald head on board, and that 's the Doctor—i.e., cook!" said the captain. "And he 's here sure enough."

The time passed, and still there was no sign of the absent boat. Then at last came a hail from the look-out, and she hove in sight rising and dipping in the trough of the seas, and with six men on board where only five had been.

It was not until some hours later that the rescued man was able to tell his story.

His name was Frank Lopez, and he had fallen from the jib of the ship "West Riding" during the hours of darkness the previous morning. Unlike most deep-water sailors of those days, he was a good swimmer, and he had succeeded in ridding himself of the oilskins and sea-boots which would quickly have dragged him down. A lifebuoy had been thrown to him, which he had caught; but in the darkness and high sea no boat had been lowered. And but for the chance in a thousand which brought the "Norval" right in the track of the "West Riding," the name of Frank Lopez in a forgotten ship's log would have been the end of him.

[END.]

There is a Spanish flavour about the decorative balcony set in a massive stone wall and overlooking the sheltered garden where visitors to Brockhurst take tea.

In the early days of the reconstruction. Mr. Brockhurst knocking out holes in the massive walls for windows and Mrs. Brockhurst at the top of a tall ladder cementing in the newly-installed windows.

The entrance from the road to Brockhurst and Brocks Barn.

Mrs. Brockhurst at another job of work in the building of her home.

(On left) What was once a cowshed is now a charming home. The front door of Brockhurst, at Marldon, near Paignton, Devon.

FROM COWSHED

SOME say that if you want a thing enough you can get it, so, being subscribers to this theory, two very resourceful people in need of a home resolved to get one.

That was no ordinary decision to make in these times, but these were no ordinary people, and the result of their decision is no ordinary home.

A group of farm buildings, centuries old, which were discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Brockhurst in Devon, was the nucleus of the home which, after three years of intensive, patient and personal enterprise, they have evolved into the attractive residence which, in various stages of its development, is pictured here.

Twenty-one-inch stone walls provide a solid framework, as you might say. Old slab-stone floors had to be removed; new windows and doors fitted; tons of cement mixed and laid; ceilings put up and

(On left) The Brockhursts take a well-earned rest. The light and airy lounge was built over the cowsheds and is 32 ft. by 22 ft. It has a beautiful outlook down the valley to the sea.

(Below, left) Another view of the sheltered tea garden. The four-legged visitor helps himself.

(Below) It is difficult to believe this bedroom was once a hay-loft. Through the open door can be seen the lounge.

(At bottom of page) This is where the cows stood originally. Now Mrs. Brockhurst takes her breakfast beside the arc-shaped window which looks out on the loggia.

...NTO HOUSE

...stalls removed before the dim ...ines of home began to take shape ... these gifted people, whose proud ...st it is that, as a team, they have ... much in common that any task ...un by one of them can be finished ... the other.

Everything that came to hand was grist for the Brockhurst mill. Good old materials, suitable to its surroundings, were patiently collected for inclusion in the constructional work. Even old farm ironwork was not despised, and was utilised in several original and constructive ways in the building of the new house. Even the undercarriage of a discarded farm trap found in the orchard was enlisted to help support the front porch.

This is a unique home and a pointer, in a world of mass production, to the truth that skilled hands and creative minds remain the true source of beautiful things.

A Tale of THREE CITIES

WHEN I go travelling and people hear me say I have been living in Lisbon, they exclaim : " Oh, aren't you lucky, living in that Portuguèse paradise ! " May I just draw you a little picture of Portugal these days ?

As your plane touches down at Portela and you complete your journey from Northolt in seven hours—a distance of 1,020 land miles—you have just experienced the only thing that *has* come down in Portugal. Everything else has gone up and up and up, as the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was wont sometimes to remark.

Once upon a time one could live in Lisbon on the equivalent of ten shillings a day ; now one can—if a foreigner—scrape by on a pound a day. I have to mark the difference between a Portuguese and a foreigner, and I should write " a rich Portuguese," because Portugal is to-day a wonderful country for the rich. The poor work for the rich at poor wages. A labourer earns around 3s. 6d. a day. Twelve pounds a month is a good average salary for a white-collar job.

Portugal is suffering—I 'm writing now from the point of view of the middle class and lower class—from a surfeit of wartime prosperity. A small minority made vast fortunes selling wolfram and sardines to both warring factions and prospered accordingly. Few prices are controlled, hence the steep upward rise in prices of more than 100 per cent. in three years. The inflation prices reflect the desire to get rich quickly.

The basic foods of the poor are rationed. These foods are : bread, rice, oil (for cooking), sugar and *bacalhau*. *Bacalhau* is dried salt cod. The price of the rationed *bacalhau* is controlled, but it is also sold at much higher price uncontrolled.

Meat is not rationed ; it could not be, because meat has always been in short supply in Portugal. Butter is not rationed and is more plentiful than it was last year. It costs 5s. 7d. a kilo. Margarine, unrationed, costs 6d. a packet of 200 grammes.

Three years ago luscious black or white grapes were 6d. a kilo. Last autumn the price had risen to nearly 2s. a kilo.

Portugal is an orange-growing country, yet oranges in Lisbon in May 1946 were selling for 8s. a dozen.

Eggs, summer price, 3s. 1d. a dozen.

Rents have risen steeply. Flats of three rooms, bathroom and kitchen, unfurnished, of course, rent for £120 a year. There is no running hot water in the bathroom ; the water has to be heated in the kitchen and carried in. The company's gas is very poor quality, and many flats have no gas. Practically the whole of the middle and lower classes cook on charcoal, which is rationed.

The Headquarters of the Falange on the Alcala, Madrid

Only the very expensive flats are steam heated ; dwellers in unheated flats warm themselves either with portable petrol stoves or with charcoal braziers. Northern and

Lisbon, Paris, Madrid

Post-War Impressions

By Harry J. Greenwall

Central Portugal are very cold in winter. Portugal is *not* a hot country, but like North Africa, it is a cold country with a hot sun.

When rationing came in, about two and a half years ago, the Portuguese who could afford to eat in restaurants were hard hit, because the average Portuguese is as fine a trencherman as you will find on this planet. The law allowed him to eat nothing but soup, fish, meat, vegetables and fruit. Cheese was only allowed to be served at night. To-day, with the soaring prices the restaurant keepers serve you anything you like; they show you a menu which they explain with a wink is "for the police."

An indifferent meal costs 8s. A pretty good meal, say for two: a grilled salmon steak, asparagus, a bottle of white wine and coffee, costs 34s.

A street market in Madrid where plenty of oranges are for sale

First-class hotels in Portugal are few and far between, but in the first-class hotels one can have a room, private bath and food for around £2 per day.

Portugal is cheap for wine and brandy drinkers. The grocers' windows are full of bottles of Scotch whisky, selling around £1 10s. a bottle (sold in bond, mark you). In a bar a large whisky and soda costs anything from 3s. to 5s. A bottle of good red wine costs 1s. 6d.; a fairly decent brandy costs 5s. 6d. a bottle, and a bottle of port about the same price.

It is against this factual drop curtain that I would project a picture of Lisbon, a city of some 800,000 people, a city mostly made for men.

There are no fish shops in Portugal. In Lisbon fish is hawked by majestically proportioned girls and women who live in a matriarchal colony on the outskirts of the city. The law says that the *varinas*, the fishwives, must not go barefooted, so they go barefooted, but they have pairs of felt slippers in the fish baskets balanced on top of their heads. They are there in case a policeman sees them and tries to impose a summary fine of one shilling. Then, on with the felt slippers snatched from the very jaws of the red mullets.

A shilling is also the fine for expectoration, but if this fine was imposed just for one day in Lisbon alone, the Portuguese exchequer would be the richer by millions of pounds.

The Portuguese vie with the Chinese and the Arabs as expectorators; the noise is unbelievable, and the near misses marvellous.

The Rocio, the Piccadilly Circus of Lisbon, but a huge oblong *place*, is the hub of the city. Here you obtain as just and accurate a picture of the very pleasant capital of Portugal as you are likely to get. A large fountain in the middle, a flower market in one corner, a large theatre in another; dozens and dozens of yellow trams rolling round and round; English made taxi cabs dodging in and out. Lottery ticket sellers beg you to buy their sure-winning tickets. Boot-blacks will do you a first-rate job for fourpence. The cafés are full of men, hardly ever a woman is seen in a café. Down a narrow street you catch a glimpse of a large steamer passing as in a panorama along the Tagus on her way to the so near boisterous Atlantic.

JUST around this corner is the railway station and our train, the Lusitania Express, leaves for Madrid.

The train is packed with Portuguese going to have a holiday in Spain. They have black market pesetas, so they can buy goods: hats, clothes and such-like things cheaper than in their own country.

In the morning I batter my way to the Spanish restaurant car for breakfast. Breakfast! Ye gods! No bread is permitted; instead, I am handed some nasty little sponge fingers stuck on paper. There is awful coffee, a little jam, no butter, no milk. My bill, including some special kind of taxes amounts to 6s.

The train runs on to the outskirts of Madrid; not much reconstruction of the tenements where the poor live and which were destroyed in the Civil War. All the churches seem to be repaired or re-built.

Madrid is shabby, especially the public vehicles; the taxis are dreadful, like the prices of the goods in the shops.

A man's shirt, for example, costs £2. I (*Continued on page* 56)

Courage

It Was A Hard Task To Follow In His Father's Footsteps—Especially When That Father Was An Admiral And A V.C.

By Gilbert Hackforth-Jones

AS he drove the car through the misty lanes of South Loamshire, William was tempted for a moment to test his father's self-control by taking liberties with the Highway Code.

He put the thought away from him just as he always did when in the company of this great man.

William's father was indeed a great man; to be an admiral was a considerable achievement to be an admiral with a V.C., a string of decorations and a handle to his name was the tops.

And to be the son of this great man was hell.

William was fond of his father in the conventional sense and he was very proud of the old man's astonishingly successful record, but he could never remember being on intimate terms with him. Other fellows spoke about their "dads" with scant respect but great affection; it was impossible to think of Admiral Sir Fairchild Spunyarn, V.C., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. (three times), C.B., and etc. etc., in terms of a diminutive; it was always in the formal words "father" or "admiral" that William thought of his parent. And there was the rub.

They drove as always in almost complete silence. The admiral was a quiet man and only spoke when he had something to say. William on the other hand, had something to say but did not know how he was going to say it.

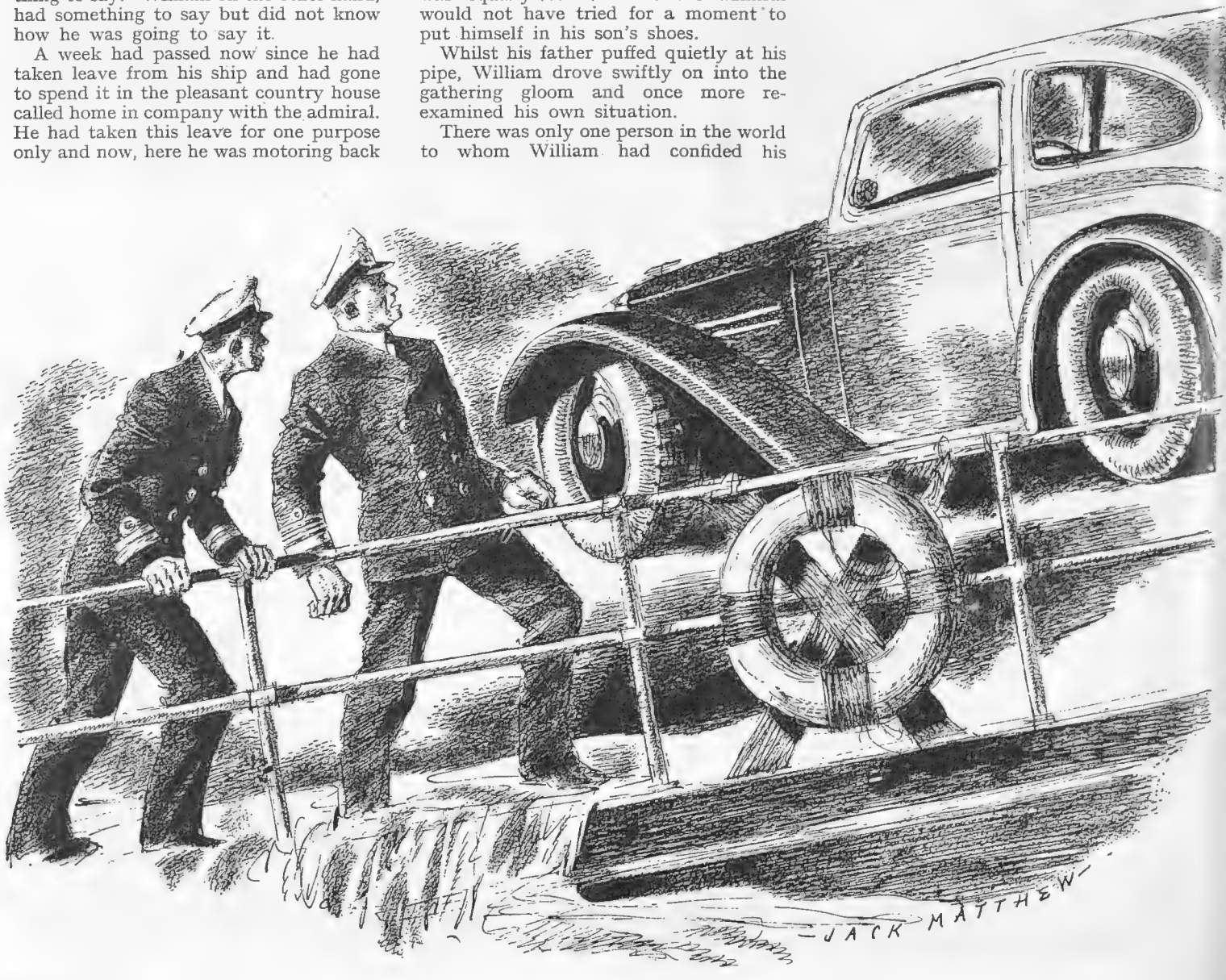
A week had passed now since he had taken leave from his ship and had gone to spend it in the pleasant country house called home in company with the admiral. He had taken this leave for one purpose only and now, here he was motoring back to his home port with his self-imposed task unaccomplished. In an hour's time they would reach their destination, the admiral would go to his official residence as commander-in-chief, and the lieutenant, his son, would return to his ship. And the thing would still be unsaid.

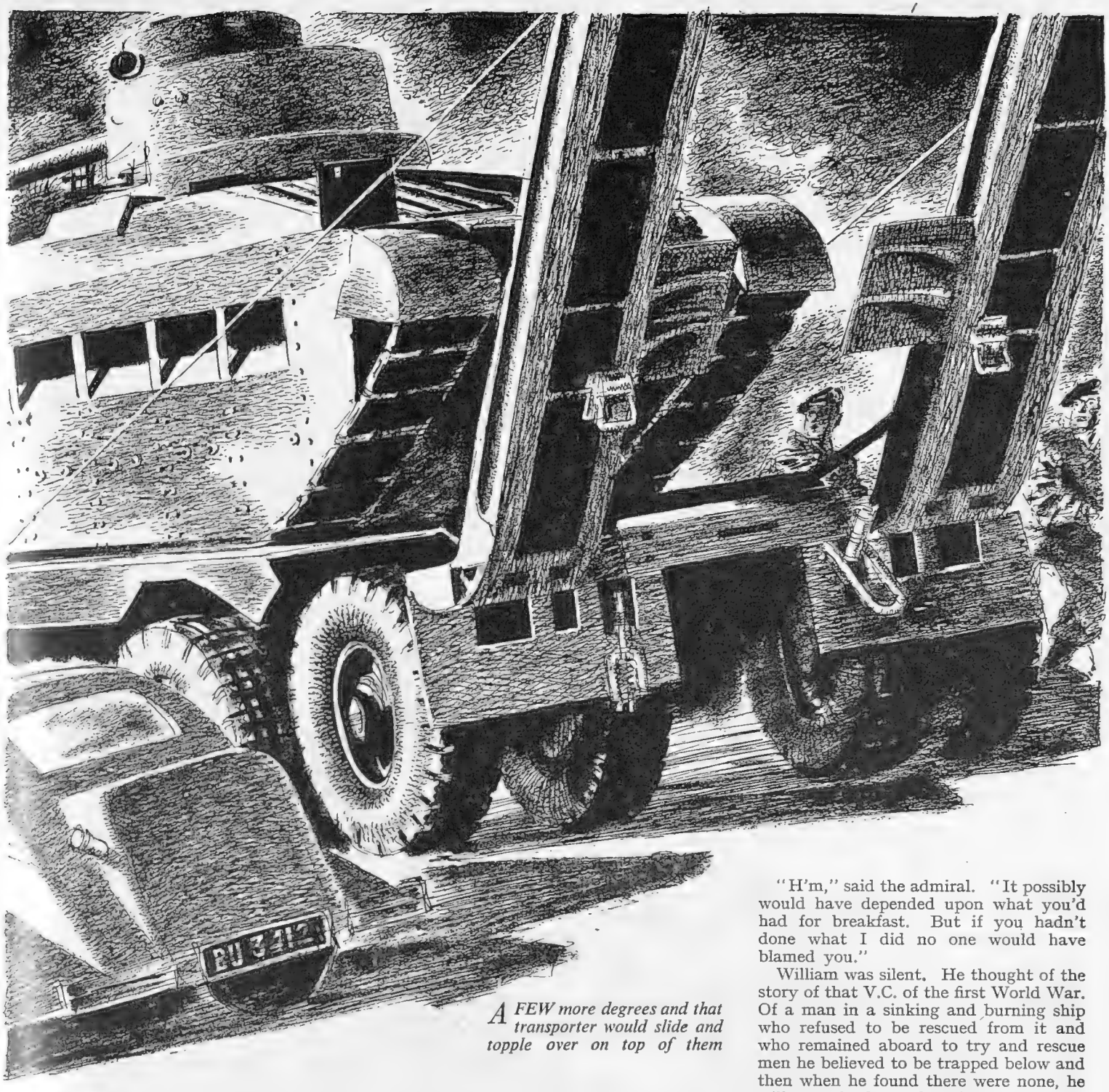
It wasn't really that he was afraid of his father; it was that what William had to say would be incomprehensible to the old man and he was certain that when it was said the admiral, with a voice full of wisdom and understanding, would override every valid reason given. And it was equally certain that the admiral would not have tried for a moment to put himself in his son's shoes.

Whilst his father puffed quietly at his pipe, William drove swiftly on into the gathering gloom and once more reexamined his own situation.

There was only one person in the world to whom William had confided his decision. It was to retire from the Royal Navy at the age of twenty-five, and to start a completely fresh life. *She* had listened, had nodded wisely and had told him he was perfectly right to do what he wanted to do. But she hadn't asked him any questions, and her ready acceptance of his momentous decision had been disappointing. William would, if pressed, have given his reasons for taking such a strange decision, or at least some of them, but his girl friend was not interested to that extent. That was a pity for it would have given William a chance to hear his own arguments and to test their validity.

THE plain facts were that ever since he had entered the service William had found that his father's greatness had cast a constant blight upon him, and all his efforts to be a good naval officer. As soon as he had joined he had been labelled as the son of his father, and the attitude of his seniors and his contemporaries had been influenced by this label. There were some who wished to curry favour with the father by doing some small service to the son. There were the mean-spirited ones whose dislike of the father (for the admiral was a very hard taskmaster) had impelled them to "take it"





A FEW more degrees and that transporter would slide and topple over on top of them

surreptitiously out of the son. If William did a thing well it was only what was to be expected of him; if he did badly there were plenty of jealous ones to rejoice in the downfall of fortune's favourite.

And the trouble was that William was more inclined to do badly than well, and he had begun to lose heart. It didn't seem to matter what he did or how he tried. Things kept going badly.

And to crown it all he had reason to suspect that he was—he could hardly bring himself to face the terrible thought—he was losing his nerve. "Yellow" the Americans called it. There had been one occasion just before the end of the war when he'd lost his grip. It had only been for a few seconds and no one had observed it, but the memory of that moment of blind panic remained with him always so that he groaned out loud when he allowed himself to dwell on it.

That then was why, now that the war was over, he must get away before worse befell. In an active service, even in peace-time, there were moments when a man of uncertain nerve would betray himself. And not only himself but that magnificent creature sitting beside him.

How could he possibly confess such thoughts to a V.C.?

As if sensing his son's internal conflict the admiral offered him a penny for his thoughts.

"I was thinking about your V.C., sir" (it was true, he was), said William. "I ran across the official citation the other day."

The admiral grunted and shifted uneasily in his seat as was his custom when any one mentioned his valour.

"These things," he said, "are largely a matter of luck. You're given a sudden situation to face, you make a decision and it turns out to have been the right one. Might equally well have been hopelessly wrong. That's about all there is to it. What were you thinking of?"

"I was wondering what I should have done if I'd been in your shoes," said William.

"H'm," said the admiral. "It possibly would have depended upon what you'd had for breakfast. But if you hadn't done what I did no one would have blamed you."

William was silent. He thought of the story of that V.C. of the first World War. Of a man in a sinking and burning ship who refused to be rescued from it and who remained aboard to try and rescue men he believed to be trapped below and then when he found there were none, he still remained on board and actually fought a gun single-handed until he was blown overboard by an enemy shell. V.C.s are not earned lightly. He decided that he could never have achieved such gallantry. Why he couldn't even face a moral issue with his own father.

"All the same," he said, "it wants a pretty big nerve. I mean when you could be safe by just jumping in the water, and you decide to stick it out on board knowing the ship may blow up at any moment."

"That's enough about that." His father's voice had an edge in it.

THEY drove on without further conversation. It was very foggy now that they were approaching the coast.

William made one more attempt to get on to a conversational level, but failed again. Then, just as they entered the suburbs of the seaport and cautiously navigated their way towards the car ferry which would take them to the other side of the harbour, he took the plunge.

"Father," he said; "there's something I must tell you. I've decided to resign my commission."

He waited for the heavens to fall. The admiral puffed at his pipe for what seemed hours before speaking.

"Got yourself mixed up with a woman?"

"Oh Lord no, father."

"H'm, rather a sudden decision, isn't it?"

"Well, I've been thinking of it for some time actually, but of course I couldn't do anything until after the war was over."

"What are you going to do?"

"When I've retired? I haven't made up my mind yet. Go abroad I expect."

The admiral dwelt a pause and said, evenly, "Well, I suppose you have a good reason for this decision."

William winced. "Well, yes, I have, father."

"Well, out with it man!"

William lost his nerve. "It's rather a story, sir. May I come and see you about it to-morrow?"

"No need to call me sir," said the admiral shortly, "by all means come along and dine with me to-morrow night. Go a bit slower now, it's pretty thick down by the waterfront. Easy to go over the edge if you're not careful."

William felt relieved. The ice was broken and the old man seemed to have taken it pretty calmly. All the same, it was going to be tough. He was sure the admiral wouldn't understand.

They drove at a walking pace along the dilapidated little front and down the long ramp on to the car ferry. It was really thick now; out in the stream could be heard the incessant jangle of bells from ships at anchor, and the despairing hoots from those whose business took them abroad on such a difficult occasion.

Their's was the only private car aboard, the rest of the space on the ferry was taken by a tank transporter, fully loaded and towering above them until its top-sides were lost in the all-enveloping fog.

THEY got out of their car and went to the ferry's little deck. A bell rang sharply, the drawbridge was hoisted and the unwieldly vessel began to haul itself across the harbour on its chains. Nearby a vessel hooted with all the suppressed passion of a cinema organ.

"Something big underway," observed the admiral. A chorus of minor hoots answered the giant; "We're here," they were saying, "be careful, we're much smaller than you."

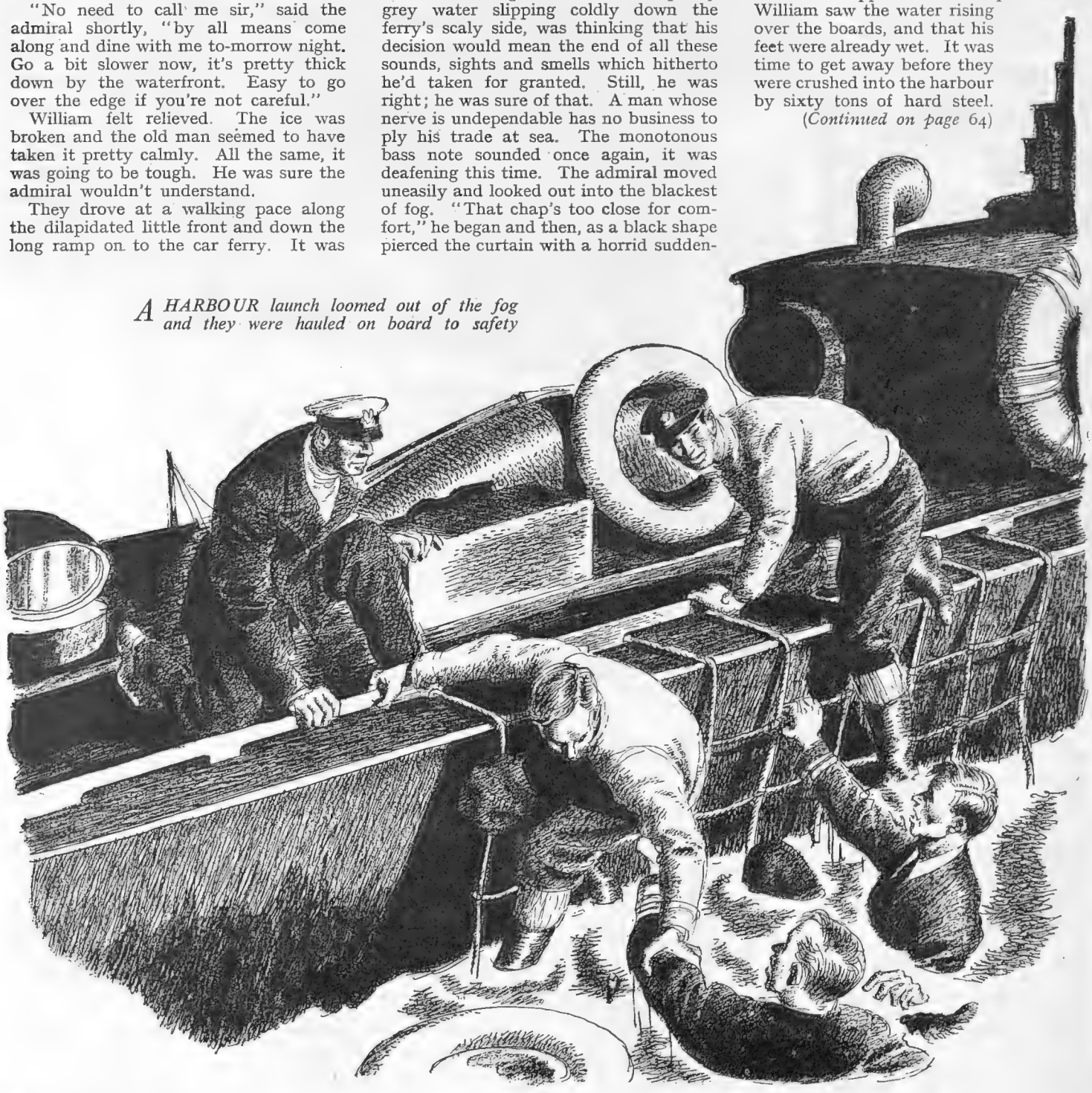
Amongst this babel of warnings the ferry's reedy note was unobtrusive. William, as he gazed down at the pearly grey water slipping coldly down the ferry's scaly side, was thinking that his decision would mean the end of all these sounds, sights and smells which hitherto he'd taken for granted. Still, he was right; he was sure of that. A man whose nerve is undependable has no business to ply his trade at sea. The monotonous bass note sounded once again, it was deafening this time. The admiral moved uneasily and looked out into the blackest of fog. "That chap's too close for comfort," he began and then, as a black shape pierced the curtain with a horrid suddenness, he shouted, "Go astern you fool!"

There was a crash as the stranger's bows bit deep into the ferry, and a jarring shock that sent them flying. Then, as swiftly as it had come to them the thing backed away into the fog and was lost to view.

Aboard the ferry there was little movement to start with; they were all men aboard and there didn't at once seem to be very much the matter. William and his father stood uncertainly for a moment or two, and then became aware that the ferry was heeling over, and that they were on the lower side. Over their heads towered the giant tank on its transporter, the crew of which were now scrambling off the vehicle. The skipper of the ferry rung his engines off, stepped quickly out of his glass box and began methodically unlashing the life-saving floats which adorned the vessel's rails.

Then suddenly the angle got worse, much worse. There was an ominous rumbling noise behind them. A few more degrees and that transporter would slide and topple over on top of them. William saw the water rising over the boards, and that his feet were already wet. It was time to get away before they were crushed into the harbour by sixty tons of hard steel.

(*Continued on page* 64)



A HARBOUR launch loomed out of the fog and they were hauled on board to safety

Mountains And Lochs Of The Western Highlands

Going down the hill into Dornie, in the County of Ross and Cromarty, this beautiful view brings all tourists to a standstill. It shows the junction of Loch Duich and Loch Alsh, and in the foreground, jutting out into Loch Duich, can be seen the ancient and historic Eilean Donan Castle, home of the Macraes.

Arfie . . . *It Looked As If Poor Old Butty Had Died A Natural Death, Until . . .*

By Arthur Mills

CORNELIUS ambled along, swinging his stick, looking at this and that. Judy, the Alsatian, kept ahead, darting in and out of the wood chasing birds. At the end of the grass ride, Cornelius sat on a gate and lit a cigarette.

Looking round he saw the hut that had been put up for the Home Guard, when they were guarding the railway cutting every night during the war. When he had finished his cigarette he went over to the hut and was just going to look inside, when Judy let out her most ear-splitting wolf howl.

"'Urr you—be quiet," Cornelius raised his stick at Judy and opened the door farther, knowing what he would find.

Sure enough Old Butty lay on one of the two wire beds that had been put up for the Home Guard. Behind there came a deep rumble and then a piercing whine; Judy was crouched almost to her belly on the ground, every hair on end. "Be quiet you!" Cornelius closed the door, afraid the dog would spring at the old man. "That's Butty—you know Butty—comes up here to get sticks; now he is having a kip—and why shouldn't he—poor old man." Then Cornelius remembered Butty had not moved in spite of Judy's barking and thought he might be dead. Or he might be deaf. Anyway he would look through the window.

He looked more closely at Butty; the old man was lying partly on his side, with his mouth open; one of his legs twitched as Cornelius watched, and he appeared to be breathing and sleeping normally. The sack for sticks, he carried, lay on the floor; a piece of fur protruded from the open mouth. So it was as Cornelius had thought! Not only wood came down in that sack! Only a bit of the pelt was showing, too little for a good view, but it seemed to Cornelius the bit of fur he could see was not the right colour for a rabbit.

It was no business of his and he continued his walk. A few yards along, a crackling in the thick undergrowth, covering a ditch on the right, attracted the attention first of Judy and then Cornelius.

Cornelius poked at the undergrowth with his stick.

Then he saw what it was. A fox lay in the ditch, looking up at him with terror-glazed eyes. At first Cornelius thought the fox had been injured; then he poked about with his stick and saw what had happened. The fox had one leg in a steel trap, which it must have dragged some distance until becoming hopelessly entangled in the brambles. Using the crook of his stick, Cornelius worked away at the undergrowth, clearing it from the trap. The fox tried to draw back, glaring up at him with pain-maddened eyes, and giving little barking coughs. Judy stood watching.

At some moment Cornelius must have pressed on the trap with the crook of his stick at the same time that the fox gave an extra tug, for suddenly the trap sprang and the fox got free. It crawled through the back of the hedge and, a moment or two later, Cornelius saw it crossing the field on three legs. "That fox is going to live," he thought, noticing how strongly it ran.

Sickened by the brutality of what he had seen, he made his way home, wondering who had set the trap, and if it had been for a fox. Then he remembered the bit of pelt, showing from Butty's sack. That had been reddish colour. Red fox skins! They would fetch money. But who on

HE looked through the window. The old man was lying partly on his side, with his mouth open, and he appeared to be breathing and sleeping normally

earth could Butty sell them to—in a little village, where everybody knew what everybody else did? The gipsies perhaps!

Next morning Cornelius was chopping wood in the cart lodge when the village policeman paid a call.

"Old Butty was found dead this morning," P.C. Langport said.

"Old Butty!"

The constable nodded. "Up in the hut, on the other side of the wood."

"Poor old Butty!" Cornelius said, "I saw him there myself yesterday afternoon; he was asleep then, he used to take a kip on that wire bed."

P.C. Langport took out his notebook. "You saw him?" he made a note. "Are you sure he was asleep?"

"Absolutely."

"Not sick—fainted or anything?"

"No, he was sleeping; his eyes were closed, his mouth was open and I saw his legs twitch; also I saw the rise and fall of his chest; I looked particularly to see if he was breathing; I thought he might be dead myself."

"Why did you think he might be dead?" P.C. Langport asked.

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"Well, he was a very old man," Cornelius said, suddenly realizing he was being interviewed by the police about a possible murder. "Who found him?"

"Arfie Gale at six o'clock this morning."

"What was Arfie doing in the wood at that hour?"

P.C. Langport hesitated: "Well, between you and me, Arfie had gone up to look at a trap he had set near a fox earth; he knows where most of the earths are. Of course, he had not any business trapping in somebody else's wood, but when the superintendent started questioning him about finding the body and wanted to know what he was doing in the wood, Arfie got nervous and came out with the reason why he was up there."

"I found a fox in a trap yesterday," Cornelius said.

"At what time?" P.C. Langport licked his pencil.

"In the afternoon; I let it go; I was fiddling about with my stick and the trap sprang open; those traps are wicked things. I say—you don't think there is any chance that Butty could have been interfering with Arfie Gale's traps, do you?"

P.C. Langport looked at Cornelius. "What makes you ask that?"

"Well," Cornelius took a cigarette from his case. "I just wondered; I suppose a good red fox skin would fetch something."

P.C. Langport shrugged: "A fox skin might, rabbit skins don't fetch much—a lot more than they did, of course."

"Did you examine Butty's sack?" Cornelius asked.

"The superintendent did; I left everything as I found it."

"The superintendent has been up there already?"

"Yes; when a body is found the matter has to be reported to the chief constable's office at once. You asked about the sack. All they found were some bits of stick and a piece of old fur."

"Could the fur have been from a recently killed fox?"

The officer laughed, "Bless you no, it was a proper bit of rag and bone stuff—looked as if it came off one of those cheap coats—might have been up in the wood for months—there is a bit of courting goes on up there, you know. Butty used to pick up odds and ends and sell 'em for a few pence to Tinker Joe."

"Tinker Joe! Who is he?"

"The old rag-and-bone and rabbit-skin man—lives out on the common in a caravan."

"A gipsy?"

"No, he is not a gipsy; you must have seen him going round the village with his little pony and cart."

Cornelius now knew who Tinker Joe was; he had had a chat with him in the Bampton Arms one day.

"What is the procedure when somebody is found dead like that—up in a wood, I mean?" Cornelius asked.

"There has to be a post-mortem and an inquest; if the verdict is death from natural causes, the funeral can take place."

"What do you think did cause Butty's death?" Cornelius asked.

P.C. Langport hesitated, and said: "Butty was getting on; I should say he just lay down and passed quietly out; of course, it is not for me to express an opinion."

"Died in his sleep! I should think you are right; he was sleeping peacefully enough when I saw him," Cornelius said.

"They'll want you at the inquest," said P.C. Langport.

"Why?"

"You were the last person that saw him alive."

"You don't know that," Cornelius said.

"You were the last person that gave information to the police as to having seen the deceased alive," P.C. Langport corrected, his manner becoming more official.

"Does Arfie Gale have to go to the inquest?" Cornelius asked.

"Yes, he'll have to be there; he found the body."

"Have they searched round the hut for footprints?"

"I could not say. The superintendent

is in charge of the investigations; he has a man up there now."

"They do think Butty might have been murdered then?"

"The superintendent did not express any opinion," P.C. Langport answered stiffly.

IN the afternoon Cornelius went back to the hut; he was having a look round when he saw Ali Singh, an Indian medical student, who was staying as a paying guest with a neighbouring farmer. Ali often walked in the woods and Cornelius never met him without a slight feeling of embarrassment, for he knew that his father had been killed by British soldiers in the riots. Now, however, he had a definite question he wanted to ask him.

"Good day," Cornelius said.

"Good day." The Indian looked at Cornelius with his large sad brown eyes.

"You know old Butty is dead," Cornelius said, "the old chap that used to come up here with a sack collecting sticks. I expect you've seen him."

"Yes, I have seen the old man. He is dead?"

"Found him in that hut there. Now you are a doctor; perhaps you can tell me something. The police think the old man died from natural causes—heart failure. Now suppose someone had wanted to hasten his death—murder him, in fact—could they have done it in such a way that no doctor would have known?"

"How old was he?"

"Over seventy."

"Old people sometimes die of shock—their hearts stop. How was he found?" The Indian's expression had altered, there was alertness in his manner.

"He was lying on the wire bed in that hut; he used to go in there to have a kip."

"In India—in the remote villages—it has happened that relations go into the hut where an old man is sleeping and put a piece of cloth across his face; he will struggle for his breath a little and then his heart will stop."

"Would not a doctor be able to tell if a man had been suffocated?"

"If he had been suffocated—yes—but not if his heart had stopped. Some of the bad people know that."

"I suppose a turban would do nicely for the job," Cornelius looked at the Indian's head-dress.

Ali Singh laughed. "Yes, but I have only come back to-day from London; all yesterday and the day before I was sitting for my examination."

Cornelius laughed too. "Well, so long;" he called to Judy and went along towards his home.

When he got back P.C. Langport was waiting for him. "The inquest is at Somerton at eleven o'clock to-morrow, they will want you there," he said.

"Did they have the post-mortem?"

"Yes."

"What was the cause of death?"

P.C. Langport hesitated. "Well, sir, between ourselves he died in his sleep, as we thought; the old boy's heart just stopped; no sign of violence or injury whatever.

"If he died from natural causes why do they want me there?"

"It is a formality; the coroner hears all evidence and decides the cause of death."

"Arfie Gale is going too, isn't he?" Cornelius asked.

The constable nodded. "I have just been over to the 'Arms' and warned him he will be wanted."

"Oh, he's over there," said Cornelius, thinking he'd go across himself. "Well, I must be going."

Arfie and Tinker Joe, each with a mug of strong farmhouse cider, were sitting in a corner of the pub talking; Cornelius asked for half a pint and sat in the opposite corner.

Arfie noticed Cornelius was in the bar. He raised a grimy finger in greeting: "How be?"

"Not so good, Arfie; I've got to go to the inquest on (*Continued on page 67*)

"I SUPPOSE he should have taken things more easily; of course it was a nice natural death." As he spoke Cornelius looked straight into Arfie's eyes. What he saw was terror

Autumn Story

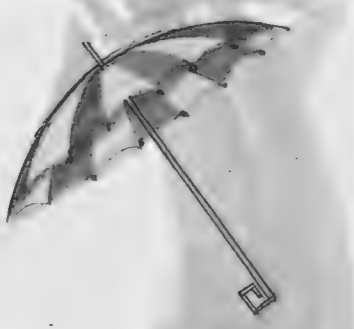
. . . . of trends and promises relating to a Season which, with becoming diffidence, women are looking to with more and more hope for less and less austerity

Nail varnish, that covetable fingertip magic adored by most women and abhorred by most men, is back. Supplies are less than normal, but manufacturers say there should be a little for everyone.

Gloves are gayer, though you may still have to make your own. Paris says they are to be in two colours, please, pink and black for preference.

Hats are feathery, flowery, and very, very becoming. Styles alternate between back-of-the-head bonnets and wide brims. Whatever the style, it has a backward tilt.

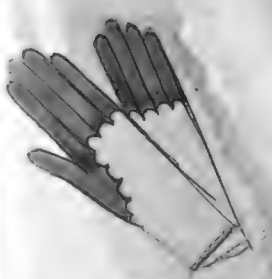
Waists are nipped into brief "stays," shoulders are sloping and no longer square, and hips flare into a peplum line.



Handbags are outsize and reminiscent of the "dorothy," with draw-string tops.

Shoes are more club-footed than ever, though there is greater variety, and plastic models for evening are definitely here, flexible, transparent, vying with Cinderella's slipper for sheer glamour.

Umbrellas, like gloves, are in two colours. Necks reach a "new low," and colours are definitely gay, with pink predominating.



This is the "after the war" you have been talking and dreaming about so long. It may be a little hard to grasp, but this is IT.

So far it has been about as gay and carefree as an attack of gout, but pendulums swing—however slowly—and while you have been wondering whether or not the joke is on you, wheels have been stolidly turning, and those "plans" for everything from frills to pre-fabs., about which one has been so continually and so maddeningly informed, are really beginning to materialise.

As though impatient at the slowness of it all, fashion has plunged into a phase so feminine and exciting as to give the average woman—still a few paces behind—real hope of things to come.

Though the future is still a little misty, the outline grows more discernible every day, and the theme of our Autumn Story is more of everything and everything more feminine.

It was said of Christina, Duchess of Milan, that she had the "loveliest face in Europe." On the strength of this recommendation, Henry the Eighth, then temporarily unattached after the death of Jane Seymour, sent Holbein to paint her portrait. Nothing came of the mooted alliance between Henry and the Duchess, but the portrait was the beginning of the patronage which the King extended to the great artist. (National Gallery.)

(Below.) Lily Langtry, daughter of a Jersey clergyman, whose beauty stirred the imagination of the susceptible Edwardians and brought her fame and fortune in the best fairy-tale tradition. She entered upon a stage career, but her histrionic talents seem to have been overshadowed by the more potent influence of her features.

HOW THE OLD FACE

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

Hedy Lamarr, sultry beauty of the current film-world and generally conceded to be the reigning beauty even in this sphere of somewhat formidable competition.

FEMININE beauty is an enthralling topic. One might have called it front-page news long before the printed word—not to speak of the printed picture—took a hand in publicising the fascination of lovely womanhood.

But what is the truth about beauty, this mysterious thing before which so many centuries have bowed? Is it a fashion, an ephemeral thing dependent upon current moods and conceptions? Does it wax and wane with the centuries, or change its form with changing customs?

Certainly, the old face has changed. With a few exceptions (notably the peerless Nefertiti, Queen of Ancient Egypt, whose loveliness remains a model for all ages and all standards) many of the spectacular beauties of history could expect to find themselves among the also-rans in any modern beauty contest. No question but what the glamour girls of the past would have a tough time breaking in on any film-studio to-day. Yet—and this is a sobering thought—where among your current beauties can you discover features whose loveliness will pass into history as those of their great predecessors have done?

The days when a woman's face could carry her into the headlines and keep her there indefinitely are unquestionably gone, if we exclude the cinema beauties who are "news" only in a narrow sphere. Not even the stage, to-day, can produce a face to stir the public interest. Where are the "Gaiety girls" of our time, those exotic creatures who for

Mary, Queen of Scots, whose beauty is described by one source as "unrivalled in her time," and before whose attractions all her jailers are said to have succumbed. (Portrait by permission of the National Gallery.)

(Below.) "La Dugazon," or Louise Rosalie Lèfèvre, who stormed the heart of Paris in 1774 and nightly crowded the Comédie Italienne for more than twenty years. Portrait by Mme. Labille Gusiand. (Wildenstein Galleries.)

HAS CHANGED

During the social heydays of the nineteen-thirties Miss Margaret Whigham—later Mrs. Charles Sweeny—was the acknowledged beauty of English Society—one of the few brunettes to hold the "title."

(Right.) Evelyn Laye's porcelain beauty is in the natural succession from Lily Elsie and the blonde beauties of the Gaiety days. Miss Laye's features can probably be said to typify modern English standards of beauty.

... long provided such dazzling recruits to the peerage? We cannot entirely blame the war for the falling off, for it had started long before then.

Some will have it that beauty has become a commonplace. That we make less of it to-day because we are surfeited with it.

The opposing school claims that much of the beauty of the present is a "build-up," a synthetic product invented by the publicity men and perfected by the cosmeticians. Certainly, the beauties of those earlier centuries stood, in this sense, upon their own merits, though one might argue that to be publicised by a Holbein, a Lely, or a Gainsborough leaves nothing to be desired.

Perhaps the secret of the fame which visited those women whose pictured faces so often leave us passionless and a little mystified to-day, lay in the subtle admixture of sex appeal with those other qualities which, according to our tastes and the prevailing standards, we refer to as "beauty."

Mary Stuart is probably the personification of this subtle and most shattering combination of Nature's biological allures. Her features, as depicted in her few existing portraits, are narrow and slant-eyed, far short, in fact, of present standards of beauty; yet the legend of her attractions has survived four centuries, and though history provides only a misty conception of the nature and quality of her beauty, it is emphatic in the assumption of her irresistible allure.

Mademoiselle Anne Mars, by Prudhon, another beauty of the French stage who, for nearly half a century, was courted and admired by famous statesmen. The Emperor Napoleon was her fervent disciple, and the brilliant but treacherous Talleyrand sought her favours. (Wildenstein Galleries.)

VESTLET AND PANTIES

Materials Required : 6 ozs. of 3-ply Paton and Baldwin's ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; ¼ yard of ribbon.

Measurements : Vestlet : to fit a 34-in. bust measurement. Panties : all round hips, 38 ins. Length from waist to top of gusset, 12 ins.

Tension : For No. 10 needles, 15 sts. to 2 ins. Vestlet back and front alike.

With No. 12 needles, cast on 105 sts.

Rib as follows :

1st row.—S. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts. K. 2.

2nd row.—S. 1, * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts. P. 2. Continue in this rib for 3½ ins.

Change to No. 10 needles and the following main pattern :

1st row.—S. 1, k. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 4. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—S. 1, k. 2, * p. 3, k. 3. Repeat from * to end.

3rd row.—S. 1, k. 3, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4. Repeat from *, ending k. 3 instead of k. 4.

4th row.—As 2nd row. These 4 rows form pattern. Continue until 7 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to No. 12 needles and rib as for lower edge for 1 in. Cast off.

(Continued on page 62)

WITH A FAIR ISLE YOKE

Materials Required : 6 ozs. of 3-ply Viyella, main colour ; 1 oz. of 3-ply Viyella, brown ; ¼ oz. each of 3-ply Viyella, yellow and green ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; No. 12 crochet hook ; three buttons.

Measurements : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17½ ins. ; underarm of sleeve, 6 ins.

Tension : for No. 10 needles : 8 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With main colour wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. (inc. 1 st. of the last row only, 101 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and the following pattern :

1st row.—Knit brown.

2nd row.—* Purl 2 b., 1 main. Repeat from * ending 2 b.

3rd row.—As 1st row.

Work 7 rows main, in stocking stitch (one row knit, one row purl). These 10 rows form the main pattern. Work 10 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. Continue without further shaping until work measures 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 sts. tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. New work ending on the 4th row of pattern. Continue as follows :

1st row.—Knit main.

2nd row.—Purl main.

3rd row.—Knit green.

4th row.—Purl main.

5th row.—Knit 1 g., * 1 y., 2 g., 2 y., 2 g., 1 y., 2 g. Repeat from * ending 1 g.

6th row.—Purl 3 g., * 4 y., 6 g., repeat from * ending 3 g.

7th row.—Knit 3 g., * 2 y., 2 g., 2 y., 4 g., repeat from * ending 2 g.

8th row.—As 7th row.

9th row.—As 6th row.

10th row.—As 5th row.

11th row.—Knit main.

12th row.—Purl green.

13th row.—Knit main.

14th row.—Purl main.

Repeat 3 rows of main pattern. Purl one row main. Repeat from 1 to 14 rows of Fair Isle pattern. *(Contd. on p. 62)*

HOW WILL YOU SPEND YOUR COUPONS?

Clothes budgeting for Autumn calls for sound planning, because this is the time of heaviest demands upon slender coupon resources.

Safest bet for the season is to keep daytime wear down to basic facts. A top-coat, a suit—if coupons run to it—or, perhaps, a two-piece and a tailored-wool dress to team with coats.

Keep the backgrounds plain, as it were, and leave accessories to provide variety.

On the left is a dressy Windsmoor coat in maroon-coloured duvetyn. The nipped-in waist flares into a full skirt and bishop sleeves follow the same generous lines. The neck can be worn open or closed. Left centre : Wolsey make this soft blue-green wool jersey dress to wear with winter coats. Triangular pockets are edged with a darker shade and back-and-front pleats give skirt and bodice fullness. A two-piece dress and jacket in fine diagonal weave suiting with a darker overstripe. Summers. Slickly-moulded black suit by Dorville. The " greyhound " waist is accented by large bows.

(1) Convection heating is the new and probably ideal form of background warmth and is provided in this small dining-room by a neat convection radiator which plugs into the electric system. (2) This Thermovent electrical convection heater consists of a metal or plastic cabinet, in the base of which is an enclosed heating element. Cool air is drawn in at the bottom, heated and expelled again into the room.

HEATING

IGNORING the fact that major reconstructions in the home are still bothersome and, in many cases, quite impracticable, this is to tell you what is going on in the world about making homes warmer and more comfortable at a reasonable cost.

The fact is that, in spite of the lingering difficulties, there *are* appliances coming along. Some of them are already here, and there is no reason why determined and resourceful people shouldn't get hold of them this coming winter because, goodness knows, we need a little good cheer even if it's only the kind that comes from the boiler in the basement.

Taking the whole subject under its appropriate headings and beginning with Electricity, it is a fact that a really impressive number of new and promising heating gadgets are about to make their début and probably will have done so before this begins to get around.

Convection heating seems to be the big news—and this applies to gas-heating apparatus as well as electrical—in fact, all kinds. The general principle of convection heating is that cool air is taken into the apparatus at one point, heated and then expelled through another aperture. According to the law of convection, heated air rises from the element and is replaced by cooler and heavier air. This process continues as long as energy is provided by the element. Circulation of the warmed air is complete and continuous and general heating-up is obtained in a shorter time than by other systems.

Some of the newest types of electrical convection heaters are shown here. They can be built into walls, carried from point to point (in the case of portable units) and seem, generally speaking, to be economical in the use of fuel.

MADE FROM SCRAPS

ODD pieces of material are precious these days ; too precious to be scrapped when they can be turned into something useful and decorative for the home.

For instance, cut out the better pieces from some worn cretonne curtains and chair covers which are too far gone for any further service as such. These make attractive tray cloths and—if you have enough material—table mats, either circular or square. Scallop the edges and bind them neatly with braid to match the background of the cretonne, or give them a 3-in.-wide hemstitched border of lighter or darker fabric.

Pieces of net curtain make charming doilies. A narrow lace edging will decorate the margins, or a ruched ribbon binding will do the same. Wide-mesh nets can be very gaily decorated with coloured silk or wool-darning stitches. Finer lace scraps, such as one might cut from an old Brussels net curtain, should be firmly machined around the edges before binding to prevent fraying.

Cushions for promoting comfort on hard kitchen chairs can be covered with two mesh dish-cloths machined together to form a case. Knitting wool in a harmony of bright colours can be threaded through the mesh (before the edges are sewn, of course) and criss-crossed to make patterns according to fancy. These mesh covers are best mounted over a foundation, but any short length of material will do for lining purposes.

(3) Radiators served by a thermostatically-controlled gas boiler used in the house of Thomas Tait, F.R.I.B.A., where clever use of decorative wood is made to conceal the apparatus. (4) A radiator plugged into the electric system provides a high rate of comfort at an economic cost. The attractive grille cover is provided by the same makers. (5) A Continuous Burning Convector open fire which needs cleaning only once a week and burns ten hours without attention. (6) Another effective camouflage for a radiator which is, again, served by a gas-heated boiler. (7) A continuous circulation of air at low velocity through a heated space gives pleasant and uniform warmth through the Thermovent space heater here fitted on a landing.

ARGUMENTS

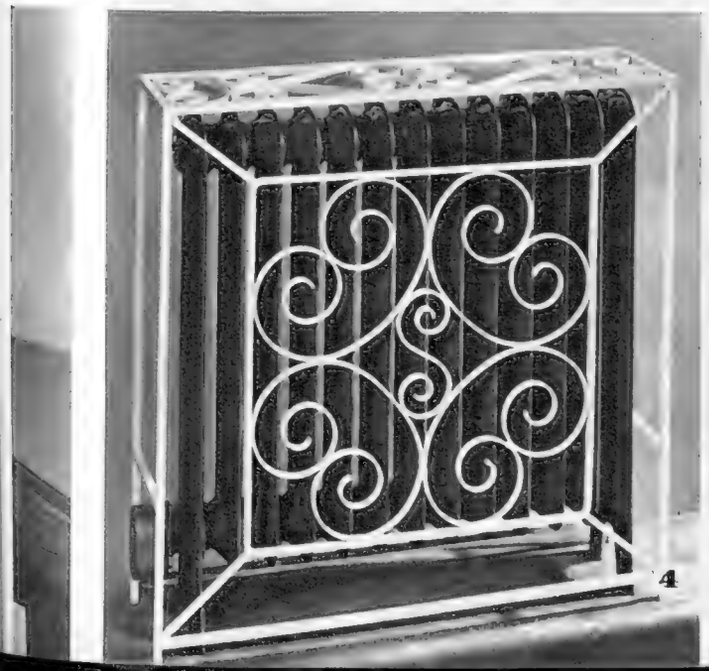
lectric radiators for background heating will interest people who ar set upon banishing cold corridors and introducing warm corners in out-of-the-way places around the home. These new and fairly in pensive units look, in most cases, like other radiators. The di rence is that each one is a self-contained unit and simply plugs in a convenient socket. Some are thermostatically controlled.

s far as gas heating is concerned, Convection again seems to pro- v the greatest advance in design of fires. Obviously this is an in ovement upon the beam system, which, let 's face it, was inclined t arm only where it touched.

s-heated boilers for central heating purposes are very impressive. Ti boiler, which is located in the kitchen or in an outside boiler- h , is indistinguishable in appearance from a solid-fuel boiler. It pecial virtue is that heating is provided by a gas jet which, being th nostatically controlled, requires no attention. Gas-heated boilers, as see them, are clean, efficient, labour-saving and economical in th ense that the thermostat disposes of wasted heat and provides a sin le, trouble-free hot-water supply for radiators and baths.

id-fuel heating appliances are in a less advanced stage of develop- m than those for electricity and gas, but the Continuous Burning C ector fire is real news.

is stove combines the virtues of an open coal fire with an ad ate supply of hot water, improved heating efficiency, ability to urn a wide range of fuels and all-night burning. These fires can be ft unattended for ten hours at a time, with the obvious result tha rekindling is dispensed with and room temperatures in the bleak earl morning are warm and comforting.



Dyeing Happily

Mix the dye with a little hot water in a separate vessel and be sure the powder is fully dissolved.

(Left.) Weigh the material to be dyed to calculate the precise amount of solution required for success.

"DYE it? Oh, I should be afraid of making a mess of it!" That is the attitude of many people to home dyeing, though the summer sunlight has often taken toll of clothes and furnishings which are otherwise perfectly good for months to come.

Dyeing things at home, however, is a simple and secure business if you follow a few definite principles. You can even bleach and re-dye cotton fabrics more than once. I am the possessor of a blouse that at different times has been pink, blue and green.

It is not in the least necessary only to dye things the colours that you buy in the packets or tubs. These colours will blend to achieve whatever shades you wish. Follow the ordinary paint-box rules to obtain really artistic shades. Do remember, though, that if you want to dye a yellow blouse blue, and the blue is only a pale one, the result will tend to be a greeny shade. Or, similarly, if you want it pink, the result is likely to be on the salmon side, unless the original pink is a very deep shade.

The important thing in all such personal selections is to test for the colour aimed at with a piece of similar material; remembering that it will be a little lighter when dry, and that steeping it in the dye for some time will tend to make it a little darker than the sample. Cotton is not a sample for linen, nor are thin materials samples for thicker ones.

It is of first importance to mix the packets of dye with boiling water in a small, separate basin, and to be sure that the powder and water are thoroughly and evenly blended before stirring them well into the dyeing vessel.

With children's clothes it is a good plan to dye an extra bit of material for patching. Otherwise it can be a bother later if the article needs a repair.

To bleach (cottons only), wet the garment thoroughly and then immerse it in a bowl of water to which you have added—for a blouse—about two tablespoonsful of one of the proprietary bleaching solutions. Leave until the fabric has lost all its colour and then rinse, very thoroughly indeed. The garment is now ready to dye.

The golden rules for the actual dyeing are as follows: See that the garment to be dyed is quite clean and free from stains, then make it thoroughly wet in clear water. If the water has not soaked well into the fabric, it will dye unevenly.

Be sure that the dye, or dyes, have completely dissolved before adding to the dyeing vessel, and then stir thoroughly before testing a piece of fabric. Cotton takes a darker shade than silk from the same amount of dye.

See that you have enough dye for the size of your article. This is important for larger items, like pyjamas, for which two dyes may be needed and, of course, it is essential to have a large-enough vessel for the article to be instantly covered, and moved round readily without crushing up during the dyeing process. Most manufacturers advise weighing the fabric to be dyed as a guide to the quantity of solution needed. Instructions for this can be found on the packet.

The vessel in which you do the dyeing (a clean zinc bucket is not to be despised) must stay over heat throughout the process. It is the size of the dyeing vessel which must limit the dimensions of anything you can dye efficiently.

You are ready to make a start. You have everything at hand. The method so far is the same in dyeing cottons, silks or wool jerseys. But you must not, of course, boil either of the last two. Add salt during the last stages of dyeing cotton or silk articles, but vinegar (two teaspoonsful of it) for wool.

Now take up the wet garment. Don't squeeze it; immerse it quickly and thoroughly all over. That is the real moment to get the colour even; being wet, it should absorb it immediately. Keep it gently moving by stirring, and you have no need to worry about results. Rinse thoroughly in cold water, and hang out *without wringing*.

GUIDES TO SUCCESS

Follow instructions on the package implicitly. Don't skip anything if you want to dye happily.

Thoroughly wash the garment before dyeing. Dirt and dust in the fabric prevent full and even absorption of the dye.

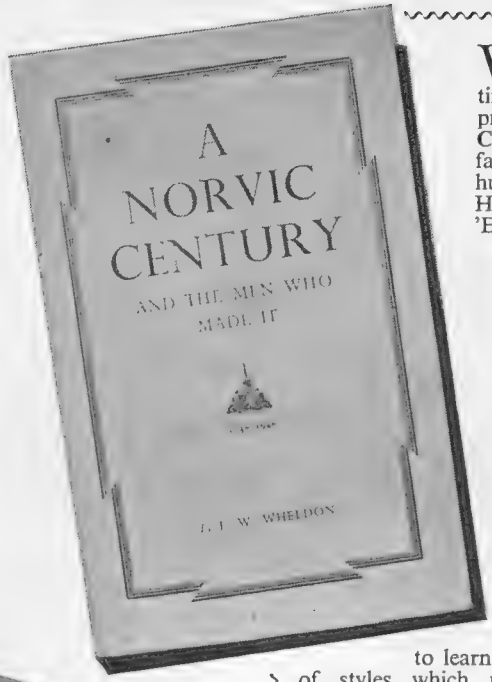
Wet the fabric thoroughly in clean water before immersion in the dye bath.

Stir all the time the dyeing process is on. This is to avoid patchiness.

Remember that rayon fabrics cannot be boiled, so dark colours which require boiling must be avoided. Cold-water dyeing in pastel colours is best for rayon and nylon fabrics.

Books:

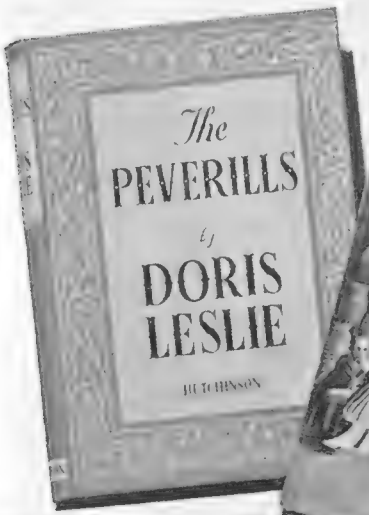
Reviewed by Trevor Allen

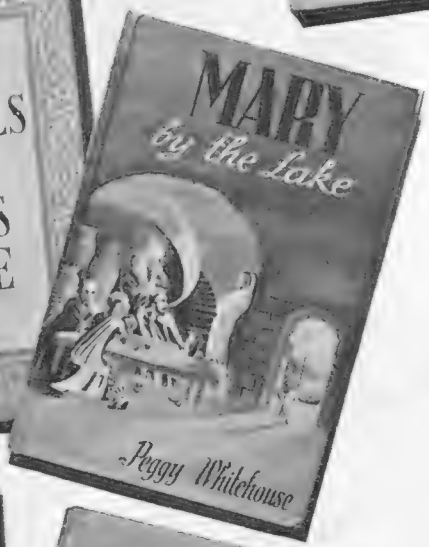


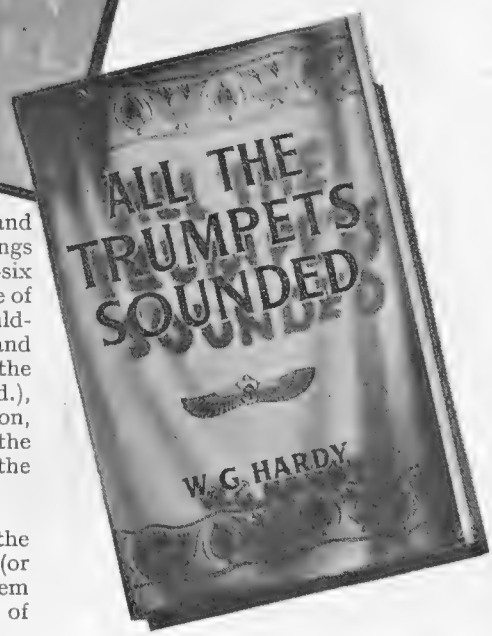
MY LADY'S SHOE

WHEN great firms look back to small beginnings we are reminded of the old-time craftsmen who helped to found their prosperity. In Mr. F. W. Weldon's **"A Norvic Century"** (Jarrold, 10s. 6d.), a history of the famous Norwich shoe factory, we read of a humble "clicker" who rejoiced in the name of Hercules Samson, a foreman in the middle 'Eighties who "came to work in a long black frockcoat and round felt hat, looking like a shabbily-dressed clergyman," another hand who always came to work in his own donkey-cart.

The book abounds in picturesque echoes, for its story is closely linked with that of the old cathedral city. A force in the transition from leather currying to distinctive shoe manufacture was Sir George White, M.P., Baptist Union President, social reformer and philanthropist, who joined the firm as junior clerk in 1856, became governing director, and served it a lifetime as an exemplary self-made man, handing on the chairmanship to his son, Sir Ernest, who has been sixty-one years in the business. My lady, contemplating her pretty shoe, will be interested to learn the history of its manufacture, the evolution of styles which mirror social manners, and reflect that Norvic's story is appropriately that of Cinderella going to the ball.







Luft 3 near Sagan, through three hundred and fifty feet of sand thirty feet deep. Although things began to go haywire towards the end, seventy-six men got out, fifty were subsequently shot in one of those paroxysms so characteristic of the would-be Master Race. F/Lt. Paul Brickhill and Conrad Norton have made a true epic of the exploit in **"Escape to Danger"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.), with first-hand sketches by F/Lt. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C.: a book that makes one marvel at the miracles wrought by ordinary men under the duress of war.

WITH Palestine in the melting-pot, and the question of a Jewish National Home (or State) in ferment, a survey of the whole problem which tries to hold the scales evenly is of immediate value. In writing **"Nise Dominus"** (Harrap, 8s. 6d.) Mr. Nevill Barbour has consulted Christian, Muslin and Jew and considered historic origins as well as recent developments up to the Bevin statement of policy. In fierce racial, political and economic controversies the tolerant, balanced view is more likely to infuriate than mollify both extremists, who are prone to regard as enemy anyone who is not 100 per cent. friend; but there should be much in this book to appeal to the level-headed, notably the suggestions for a constitution or federated government on cantonal basis under which a Hebrew community in Palestine could inspire and materially assist world Jewry. The problem of the Jewish masses, Mr. Barbour concludes, can be solved only in lands rich and spacious enough to support them: "nothing but further trouble can come from the failure to recognize this reality, unpalatable as it is."

GAD, sir, what a Navy it was in the days when captains rode po'chaise with their sea-chests, seamen were salt-horsed and flogged and called "mutinous dogs" if they rebelled! Mr. C. S. Forester's **"Lord Hornblower"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) quells a mutiny, bags an enemy harbour—and a lovely French countess, despite his masterly devotion to wife Barbara—becomes a French guerrilla leader, and narrowly escapes execution by the time news comes of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. What adventures, what romance, what lusty writing! Is there a man-jack among us who wouldn't be Hornblower, a jill who wouldn't like to catch his weather-eye? This is No. 5 of the series. It looks like being an endurance race between Forester Hornblowers, Graeme Blackshirts, and Agate Egos, with Richmal Crompton "Williams" whooping miles ahead. . . .

NO one can give us the tough side of the historic Irish scene, its hates and loves, better than Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, who has a genius for the terse, direct, and melodramatic. Fenian conflict in County Mayo in the 'Seventies before the boycott provides the background to **"Land"** (Gollancz, 9s.), with starving peasants, decaying landlords, upstart merchant land-grabbers, hard-riding Junos, and a young hero of the Robert Emmet breed for characters. The troubles of the bad old days were rich in raw drama which fits the author's impassioned style. He makes the period, the people, live.

"WHEN I am caressing her I am for always singing all over me from the head thoroughly to the feets," says an Italian of his *enamorata* in Mr. J. Bigelow Clark's **"The Dreamers"** (Harrap, 8s. 6d.). That's how they talk (*Continued on page 64*)

Alfoxden Manor, near Holford, Quantock Hills, Somerset, the home of William Wordsworth and his sister, Dorothy, in 1797. The rent of this house was £23 per annum

The Lake Poets In Somerset

By Wilma Buckley

INEVITABLY associated with the Lake district of Cumberland and Westmorland, the poets Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge have left their mark for ever in another part of England altogether, through the brief year's mingling of these three harmonious intellects in Somerset.

Coleridge was, in any case, a West Countryman. Born at Ottery St. Mary Vicarage in Devonshire, in 1772, he gravitated eventually to Bristol. Here he met Southey and fell an enthusiastic convert to the latter's Utopian scheme for the founding of an idealistic community on the banks of the Susquehanna river. Pantisocracy (as the scheme was called) petered out for lack of funds, but the idea provided much agreeable discussion and planning for young men stirred by that urge towards freedom induced by the French Revolution.

In 1795, Coleridge married and took his bride, Sarah, to the enchanting Myrtle Cottage at Clevedon, near Burnham-on-sea . . . a cottage embowered in jasmine and myrtle and roses, framed by two tall fir trees. It was in the summer of the same year that Coleridge met Wordsworth, and so began a famous literary friendship.

Southey, also a West Countryman, was born in Bristol, in 1774. After a childhood spent at Bath, and educative years in Westminster and Oxford, he returned to Bristol, allying himself with Coleridge in the "Pantisocratic" emigration plan.

Wordsworth, a native of Cumberland (born at Cockermouth in 1770), was living in 1795 at Racedown in Dorset, cared for by his self-effacing, observant, journal-writing sister Dorothy.

Two years after this first meeting with a kindred spirit, the Wordsworths moved to Alfoxden Manor, in the Quantock village of Holford, in order to be near Coleridge, now living nearby at Nether Stowey.

Alfoxden was a country mansion—no less—the rent being, unbelievably to us to-day, only £23 a year! Facing the southern front of the house was a steeply sloping, grassy hill, characteristic of many Georgian residences in this part of England, and the countryside around echoed and transcended the beauties of Alfoxden's parkland. Here was the meeting-place where gathered a brilliant coterie of men-of-letters: Southey, De Quincey, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt; Andrew Crosse, of Fyne Court, philosopher and pioneer of electrical experiments; scientist Sir Humphry Davy, inventor of the coal-miner's safety lamp; and many others. In picturesque Nether Stowey itself, the same group met in Coleridge's own cottage or at that centre of hospitality, the home of Tom Poole, friend of, and host to, all these scintillating personalities.

Over the Quantocks ranged William and Dorothy Wordsworth (long walks were then the fashion among the literary, the sentimental, the reflective); to Broomfield on Quantock's summit, to Hare Knap and Butterfly Combe

(*Continued on page* 67)

(*On left*) William Wordsworth, who composed *We Are Seven* when living at Alfoxden Manor

(*Below*) Butterfly Combe, Holford, Somerset. The gateway to the Quantock Hills and a beauty spot between Bridgwater and Nether Stowey

The cottage at Nether Stowey, Somerset, which was the home of Samuel Taylor Coleridge from 1797-1800. It is now the property of the National Trust

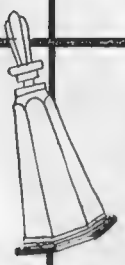
Fashions For Coming Events

"WHAT you lose on the roundabouts you gain on the swings . . ." or so they say. For the past few weeks we have certainly lost on the food roundabout, but I do think we are gaining a little in certain shops. There is definitely more to be bought than there was a few months ago.

In Brook Street you can find materials of real pre-war quality. I found a range of really good wool material, 54 inches wide and comparatively inexpensive. The colours include black, brown, navy, emerald, cherry, royal blue, and beige. In Bond Street you can feast your eyes on trousseau nightgowns. They are really exquisite, all silk chiffon and real lace. In Oxford Street you can solve your carpet problem by purchasing tank felt which is sold in various thicknesses, a very large variation of colours, 50 or 54 inches wide and prices ranging up to 35s. yard.

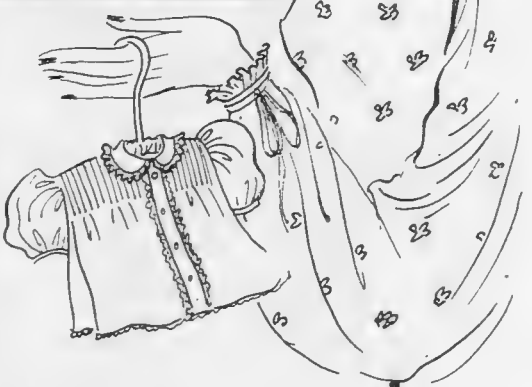
We can even look forward to some brand new beauty preparations this autumn. Goya is bringing out a new perfume called "Great Expectations."

Jane Gordon



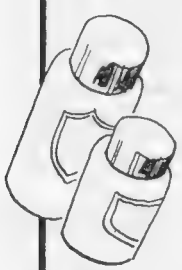
JUDGING by appearances there is going to be a bumper crop of babies this year, and as far as I can see, the women who are expecting a baby can be divided into two groups—those who wear a smock and those who don't.

It is not easy to make maternity clothes glamorous, but it can be done as I discovered when I went with a friend to choose some clothes of this kind at Harrods. The models are attractive enough to tempt any woman, even if she is not going to have a baby. We chose a really good-looking suit—the skirt was the usual wrap-round kind, but extremely well cut, and the jacket had a flared back, no collar, a deep yoke and wide sleeves. The price was £16 14s.—which is a very moderate sum to pay for a suit in these days. It takes fourteen coupons, and the one we chose was sage green, though they also have this model in black, navy, honey-colour, and a good shade of lightish blue. There was a black frock in moss-crepe which I thought particularly attractive. This also was collarless and wrapped round diagonally all the way from the left shoulder, tying with a little sash round the waist. It is the type of dress that can be worn all day long and shows off any kind of clips or jewellery.



We also saw some nice-looking cocktail dresses—one in rough-surface crepe, patterned with little gold flowers. This dress has a deep round yoke, edged with tiny piping in a contrasting colour. The shirt top buttons down the front and the skirt has front fullness held in by an elastic band. You can find this dress in black, deep green, marsala brown or a tawny port shade.

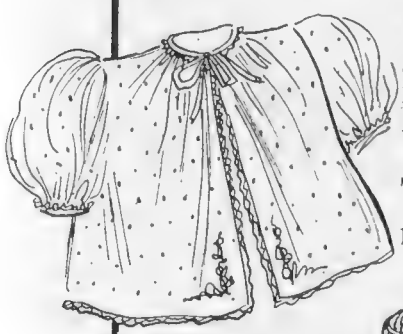
We saw some charming print dresses, one an American model with a cowl neck, short sleeves gathered into an elastic band and an adjustable back fastening. The print itself is great fun—white circles about the size of a shilling, lined with imitation writing on a background of dove grey, geranium pink, or lime green, and the price is £9 3s. This dress will probably be copied in a fine woollen material for the winter.



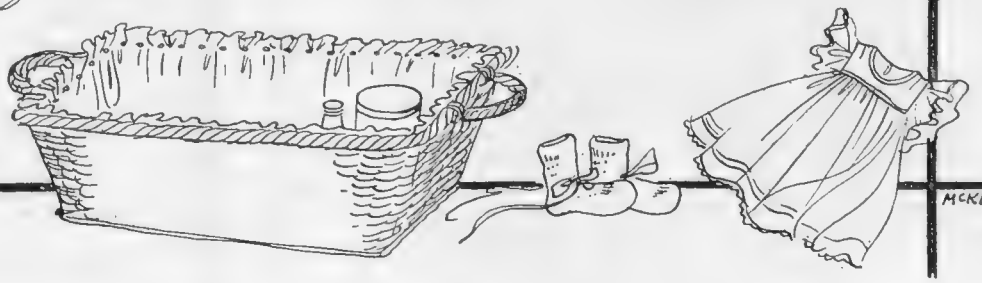
Another dress in fine wool or silk has the front fullness gathered by a drawstring, and can be worn as a coat-frock or a print dress under a top coat. For the winter the sleeves will be three-quarter length. Any number of young wives are choosing maternity dresses to take abroad with them, and so they are still buying the prints and flowered materials.

Believe it or not, I actually saw a pretty linen two-piece—smock and skirt—the linen is very heavy and the colours clear and bright, lime green, salmon pink or a good goldy-beige shade. The smock is made with a round, white Peter Pan collar and turn-up bands on the short sleeves, the buttons are self-coloured and there are little bows to match in the place of breast pockets. The skirt is wrap-round and the price, £12 4s. 1d.

They told us that the sixty coupons for expectant mothers may be extended by another ten.



THERE is some good-looking nursery furniture now on the market called Litefold. The best buy is the babies' clothes airer, which is made of lightweight tubulous steel with wide feet to keep it (*Continued on page 67*)



Senior Service

A FEW women take meticulous care of their faces and figures from thirty onwards, but the majority do not begin to bother until all the danger signals are visible—grey hairs outgrowing their minority, wrinkles no longer describable as laughter or expression lines, flesh that has lost its firm contours.

When beauty has been neglected it takes concentrated treatments and professional fingers to remedy the years of casual care. Here are a few suggestions for the woman of forty, forty-five, fifty or more, who wants to ward off the decay which has suddenly begun to make itself apparent.

If feet are at all painful with corns, callouses, bunions, or fallen arches, the first visit should be to the chiropodist. Aching feet deepen lines around the eyes and mouth, give deportment an ageing droop, slow down a youthful gait and generally add years to the appearance. Nearly all salons give pedicures, prices ranging from about 5s. 6d. to 15s. Foot Comfort Salons give free consultations, if there is any doubt about why the feet are painful, and their treatments are excellent.

It is possible for feet to ache solely because the years have added too much weight to their burden. Superfluous tissue is neither beautiful nor healthy, and should be removed if possible by a health diet and rolling exercises.

HAIR is the next most important feature, especially for the woman in business. A woman can make herself look years older than she should, just because she is at the borderline age and allows her hair to be noticeably grey. Prematurely grey hair does not make a girl look older, but to the woman of forty or forty-five it can add years.

Phyllis Earle's Salon in Dover Street, London, W1, specializes in tinting with Inecto. There is not the least hint of artificiality if the colour is carefully chosen and applied, and there are innumerable tones of the various shades to choose from. The part of the salon reserved for tinting is specially day-lit. Free consultations are given without any obligation whatsoever, and cuttings are taken and tests made if you are doubtful.

The price for the first all-over treatment is from 3 guineas inclusive of shampoo and set. Later root-tintings are from 35s., also inclusive. It is perfectly safe over a permanent wave, and it depends on how quickly the hair grows as to how often the retinting of roots has to be done.

The next most noticeable age-signal that salon treatments can remedy, is sagging facial contours. Beauty treatments can be forgotten in the twenties, spasmodic in the early thirties, but after that they should be fairly regular and systematic. If you take care of your face and contours from thirty-five onwards you may not need salon treatments until you are fifty or more.

There are two very beneficial treatments at the Elizabeth Arden Salon. The first is a milder type of treatment for the young matron, the Firmo-Lift, price 30s. per treatment, with a reduction for a course. The other, which is perhaps the most telling treatment for sagging contours is the Intra Cellular mask treatment, price 2 guineas for face or neck, £3 10s. for face and neck, with a reduction for a course. This treatment can only be given in the London salon, but the Firmo-Lift treatments are given by Arden agents in the large provincial towns.

Of course you may have strong youthful feet, perfect deportment, no grey hair and very few lines, and yet your age may be telling in an entirely different manner—by superfluous hair. Most good salons can remove this temporarily, Arden charges 5s. 6d. for upper lip, 9s. for upper lip and chin.

One warning about the service which is essentially a home one—make-up. As with a young girl, the older make-up should be softer, no harsh gay colours or lipstick, rouge or eye shadow, no very pale powders or foundations. A pink tone of foundation and powder is subtle in its flattery, and lipstick should be basically carmine, not vermilion.

Starting Point

IT is so easy to wait until the first attack of bronchitis, the first sniffling cold, before taking steps to prevent these winter pests, and, once the cold has attacked, vitamins—good as they are—will not prevent it; but if you start a course of cod-liver oil, or halibut-liver oil capsules at once, you will have a fairly good chance of withstanding the winter's epidemics.

Vitamins A and D are found in the fish oils, and both are beneficial for any chest weaknesses. A—because it raises resistance to infection. D—because it is helpful for all chest complaints.

For people susceptible to bronchitis, doctors frequently prescribe a course of vitamin D to alleviate

Duel Personality

THIS is the story of a woman with a million wearying duties and a "duel" personality.

One personality had a sense of humour; it laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks when her husband stamped and raged over a minor irritation; the sight of this large intelligent male behaving just like her small son of four was irresistibly funny. So, in the end, he laughed too.

This happy side of her nature was understanding and tolerant; it had the patience to explain things over and over again to the small son; it didn't snarl when the conductress said: "On top only."

But there was another personality, rather frayed around the nerve-ends which shouted: "Don't be an idiot," when her husband raged. It smacked the four-year-old sharply when he bumped into her in a romp; said: "No, of course not," far too loudly when he asked if he could wipe up the dishes for her; and moaned that she was far too tired and that she had too much to do anyhow, to go out jaunting with her husband in the evening.

When she was young the happier personality was uppermost, but the war years, and the long wait for a respite from rationing and shortages, shifted the balance of power. The sour, tired, personality became predominant. The family bore it sympathetically, realizing her trials. But her body didn't.

She had flogged herself mentally to keep at her daily grindstone, and while this had worn her out mentally, she had thought she was as strong as a horse physically. Now, not only was she unnaturally tired all the time, but she had a nagging pain around her heart which sometimes shot through to her back. She began to be conscious of every parcel she had to carry, every flight of stairs she had to mount. Eventually she got around to doing something constructive about it and went to see her doctor.

The verdict was: "Guilty of ruthless torturing of nerves. This has given the body indigestion. Heart is perfect."

This did not mean that she could go back to the old grind. Nerves need cosseting just as carefully as a troublesome heart. What she did was to take more fun and rest with her day, and around the house, to let things slide a little in favour of more relaxation. Gradually the happy personality gained ascendancy again.

All the unpleasant emotions—fear, worry, anger, frustration—have a definite physical effect on the body. One person will go white with fear, another with anger. Bad news (*Continued on page* 66)

the after effects. But start taking it now.

Some people also take vitamins A and D in the form of fish oil capsules to prevent chilblains—and with good results. Chilblains are associated with a calcium deficiency, and as vitamin D ensures proper absorption of calcium and phosphorus into the bloodstream and its redistribution within the body, it may be sufficient to take the halibut or cod-liver oil capsules. If on the other hand, the intake of calcium is insufficient, and that is possible with our present rationing, then calcium tablets should be taken in addition to vitamins A and D.

Vitamin A is known to help eyesight, and night blindness is ascribed to a deficiency of this vitamin; so are diseases of the respiratory system. All told, if you are at all chesty it will pay to take vitamins A and D from now on, plus calcium if you are a chilblain champion.

PICKLED CABBAGE

DRIED MUSHROOMS

BOTTLING AND

PICKLED CABBAGE

Use only the heart of very white and firm cabbage; shred finely. Have ready one or more 7 lb. earthenware jam jars and pack in the cabbage as tightly as possible. Bring to the boil enough salted water to cover the cabbage (allow 2 oz. of cooking salt to every quart of water), leave to cool off, and fill the jars. On top of the cabbage place a bouquet of herbs, and fix across the inside of the neck of the jars 2 small sticks to serve as weights so that the cabbage remains under water. Keep in a warm place (preferably outside in the sun as the smell is not very pleasant in the house) for 10 to 15 days, airing the cabbage every second day by pouring the liquid into an empty jar and then back again. After a fortnight place in a cool spot when it should be ready for eating and will keep for 6 months. Should a little mould form on the surface skim it off or change the water and salt. The cabbage, if these directions are followed closely, will remain hard and crisp.

DRIED MUSHROOMS

Take only small and very fresh mushrooms and don't wash them. Peel only the larger ones and rub them with salt. Lay them on trays lined with thick paper and leave in a very cool oven until they have shrunk and present a dried up appearance. Store in muslin bags in a dry place.

BOTTLED HORSERADISH

Scrape the horseradish then pass it twice through a mincer. Put it on baking tins in a very low oven and leave it overnight or longer if necessary to make sure it is completely dry. Fill clean bottles or jars with the powder and close well to exclude all air.

RIPE TOMATO CHUTNEY

Take 6 lb. of ripe tomatoes and put them, cut into halves, into a saucepan over a low fire. After 5 minutes pass them through a sieve and replace over a low fire. Let simmer while stirring until the puree thickens then add 1 dessertspoonful of

RAGOÛT OF LIVER

JAM TO-DAY

APPLE JAM

Peel and core 1 lb. of cooking apples, then chop them into very small pieces, adding, if possible, the chopped rind of 1 lemon or that of ½ an orange. Bring to the boil 1 cupful of water, add 1 lb. of suger and let it simmer until a thick syrup is obtained. Throw in the fruit and continue simmering until the apple has a transparent look. Gingar can be added if liked. Fill jars in the ordinary way, but don't tie on the paper until the jam is quite cold.

ELDERBERRY JAM

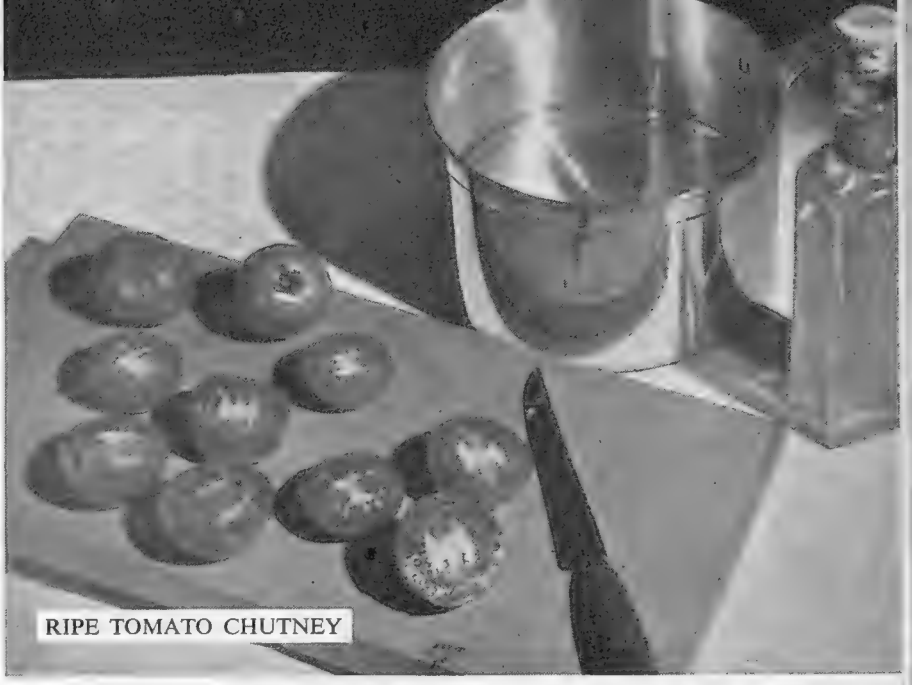
Remove all the berries from their stalks (they are better if slightly over-ripe); cover them with water and boil for 10 to 15 minutes. Strain, keeping the liquid, and pass the berries through a sieve. Mix the liquid with the pulp and to each pint add ¾ lb. of sugar. Bring slowly to the boil and leave simmering until the jam sets. This is the best jam I know for keeping.

GREEN TOMATO JAM

Take 30 to 40 green tomatoes, slice off the ends and with a small spoon scoop out the seeds. Next put the tomatoes in boiling water and leave them boiling for 5 minutes, seeing that they remain whole. Remove them one by one, draining them on a clean cloth and cut end down. Melt 1 lb. of sugar in ¾ pint of water; bring to the boil and leave boiling until a thick syrup is obtained. Add the tomatoes and let boil once more until the jam sets. Fill jars as usual.

French mustard, 1 oz. of salt, 1 teaspoonful of paprika powder, the same of pepper and, finally, 1 gill of vinegar and 4 oz. of sugar. Let the mixture simmer until it turns into a thin sauce and fill the bottles immediately. (If you put the clean bottles in a saucepanful of cold water and bring slowly to the boil, you can fill the former without fear of cracking them. Cork the bottles immediately, having previously boiled the corks, and seal with sealing wax.

PICKLING



RIPE TOMATO CHUTNEY

ELDERBERRY KETCHUP

Remove the elderberries from the stalks and put them in an earthenware jar. Pour over boiling vinegar until well covered, put the jar for 8 to 10 hours in a very slow oven then strain off the liquid, pass the fruit through a sieve, mix with the juice and boil for 10 to 15 minutes with 3 cloves of garlic, 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoonful of peppercorns and 1 of ginger. When cold bottle and cork well.

MUSHROOM PICKLE

Use only small, fresh mushrooms; cut the stalks off neatly, rub them (the mushrooms) in a little salt then wash them in vinegar. Bring some vinegar to the boil with salt and peppercorns, allowing 1 oz. of salt to every 1½ pints of vinegar, add the mushrooms and let them boil for 10 minutes. Fill ordinary jam jars with the mushrooms and vinegar while still hot (to avoid cracking the jar stand a spoon or fork in it whilst filling); let them get cold then cover with greaseproof paper.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES

Choose only the best green tomatoes, matching them for size as far as possible. Wash and dry them, then prick every tomato 2 to 3 times with a needle and fill clean jars. Bring to the boil the quantity of vinegar required (I prefer Orleans vinegar), adding to each pint 1 level dessertspoonful of salt, the same of sugar and 1 bay leaf. When cool pour over the tomatoes. Add a few peppercorns, insert stick to keep the tomatoes down; cover with greaseproof paper and keep in a cool place.

Harriet Muir

ELDERBERRY KETCHUP

Hot And Cold Dishes

RAGOÛT OF LIVER

Allow 1 rasher of bacon per person; cut it into small pieces and fry, remove, and in the same fat fry 4 chopped onions. When golden brown add to the bacon. Slice the liver thinly and fry with ½ lb. of skinned and chopped mushrooms and 4 tomatoes cut into quarters. When ready, add to the bacon and onions in a casserole; pour over ½ pint of brown sauce and leave for 10 minutes in a medium oven. Serve with mashed potatoes.

COLD BASKET

Take 1 fillet of white fish per person; rub each fillet with a little lemon juice and pepper, and roll it up tying with a piece of string. Arrange the fish in a greased fireproof dish and pour over them ½ pint of water mixed with a chopped bouquet of herbs, 1 small onion, cut up, salt, pepper and 1 teaspoonful of vinegar. Leave in a medium oven for 10 minutes, remove and with the strained liquid make a sauce.

Next peel and scoop out enough cucumbers to surround the dish to be used, place lettuce leaves in the centre with the fillets on top garnished with slices of tomato and pour the sauce over the whole. Serve cold.

SAVOURY FISH

Cut off the heads and tails of as many fresh herrings as are wanted; split them open and remove the backbone. Rub them over with garlic, fat and mustard, roll them in flour, dip in milk and cover with breadcrumbs. Put in a well greased fireproof dish and leave for 20 minutes in a hot oven.

CARAMEL CREAM

Make an ordinary custard and add to it 1 oz. of gelatine dissolved in a little water. Let it cool and when nearly cold whisk well and pour into a shallow dish. Leave overnight in a cool place then cover with caramel made as follows:—

Melt 4 oz. of sugar with 1 teaspoonful of golden syrup and 1 of water. Let it simmer until light brown and slightly burnt, then pour it over the cream.

DAMSON OMELET

Boil 1 lb. of damsons and when cooked strain, remove the stones and sprinkle heavily with sugar. Reconstitute as many eggs as there are people with milk instead of water; add 2 dessertspoonfuls of sieved flour, 4 of sugar, ½ cupful of milk and a few drops of vanilla essence. Pour half of the mixture into a fireproof dish (well greased) and leave it in a hot oven until partly set. Add the damsons and then the remaining eggs. Put back in the oven and leave until brown.

Sickening For Something?

A rising temperature need not necessarily be a cause for alarm

IT is hard to understand the sort of fatalism, common even now, which says that "children have to have their ailments, so let's get them over with as soon as possible."

The fact is, that there never was such a fallacy. Illness is not absolutely inevitable though this kind of complacency is dangerous because it does not provide for counter-measures which may head off illness at the source.

Just the same, infection sometimes slips through the finest net and the ability to spot symptoms in their early stages and to take prompt and effective action, can reduce the seriousness and discomfort of the illness, to an important degree.

At the first sign of listlessness in an active child, or of irritability and bad temper in a placid one, most mothers can detect a warning of trouble to come. This is the moment to act without delay and to catch the symptoms when they are young.

Autumn and early winter months are danger periods for infection. Much less so, however, if constructive measures have been taken to build up the body's resistance to infection with regular doses of outdoor exercise, fresh air and the daily quota of cod-liver or halibut-liver oil which can be had so easily now in palatable forms.

EARLY days of any illness are anxious ones until the exact nature of the malady is established, but it is important to keep such anxieties from the child. If this can be done, whilst also keeping the patient quiet and isolated from other children —in case of infection—so much the better for everybody.

A rising temperature need not be a cause for alarm, but it *is* a signal for serious precautions and the right moment to call the doctor. If his coming is delayed for any reason, keep the child quiet, warm in bed, discontinue solid foods and give plenty of water to drink.

The common cold is inconvenient in itself, but its worst aspect lies in the fact that it prepares the ground for more serious infections. Bronchitis is especially liable to follow catarrh and head colds, this is why prolonged symptoms of a cold in the head, particularly if wheezing and breathlessness develop, should be referred to a doctor without delay.

At the first sign of bad temper in a placid child, mothers can sometimes detect trouble to come

FEVERISH chills are far more common with children than with grown-ups. With prompt attention and care they need cause no alarm, but it is essential to put the child to bed and to keep him there for at least twenty-four hours after the temperature is normal again.

Autumn months are the peak time for scarlet fever. If your child develops a very sore throat, is off his food and complains of headache it may be scarlet fever, though not necessarily, of course. The rash may not appear at first, but when it does it will appear on the chest and spread downwards with bright scarlet spots on a flushed background of skin.

ALL cases of sore throat should be treated with the utmost caution. So many serious complaints begin this way, and precautions pay though, if the trouble proves to be only trivial, nothing is lost.

Diphtheria is, of course, the disease to be most watchful for, but wise parents have their children immunized nowadays in which case the prospects of this very dangerous complaint are remote.

The operation of immunization is trifling. There are no unpleasant after-effects—not even temporary ones—and the child is running about happily a few minutes after the injection has been given. No parent who has ever witnessed the distress and danger which diphtheria brings can seriously contend that immunization is not worth while. Apathy is just plain madness.

Early stages of measles can be confused easily with those of a common cold. Running eyes and nose and, sometimes, a cough are typical first symptoms. A redness and inflammation around the rims of the eyes and a rising temperature should, however, be regarded as a warning, that this is something more than just a cold. Very careful nursing in the early stages of infection may prevent those unpleasant after-effects which we now realize to be more serious than the attack itself. Serious disorders of the ears, eyes and nose can manifest themselves after measles—sometimes a considerable time, even years, after the attack. But careful nursing continued into convalescence minimizes this prospect to an important extent.

Whooping cough is difficult to diagnose. Only the doctor can do it with any degree of certainty in the earlier stages. The whoop is often undetectable, but be suspicious if your child has a persistent dry cough which comes in spasms during which the coughs come on one sustained breath.

Innoculation for whooping cough has been fairly widely practised but with doubtful results. Doctors are not always entirely in agreement as to its efficacy or wisdom. There does seem to be some evidence, however, that where innoculation has been given, the severity and the length of the attack is somewhat diminished. On the whole, probably the best form of immunization, in this case, is that which consists in keeping up as high a standard of resistance as present resources permit.

Many mothers have an instinct about their children, and feel an intuitive warning of approaching illness, sometimes before the actual symptoms are detectable. These warnings are often reliable and provide the chance to get busy with counter-measures while the going is good.

Louisa Kay

. . how alive it is!

Breathe it in . . . and straightway your spirits go soaring to the skies. You're lighthearted as thistledown, simply brimming over with the mood of holiday. Oh, the sun's in his heaven *all* the time if you have Yardley Lavender.

Yardley
LAVENDER

YARDLEY · 33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON

Afternoon Ensemble . . . . .

Wherever you find well groomed women you are almost certain to find DOLCIS Fashion Shoes.
Our range of "Debutante" and "Park Lane" models include many new and fascinating styles. . . . . .

DOLCIS "DEBUTANTE" STYLE 7472

DOLCIS "PARK LANE" STYLE 9439

ALL DOLCIS SHOE STORES ARE OPEN DURING NORMAL SHOPPING HOURS AT THEIR CUSTOMERS' SERVICE.

DOLCIS

THERE IS A DOLCIS SHOE STORE IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

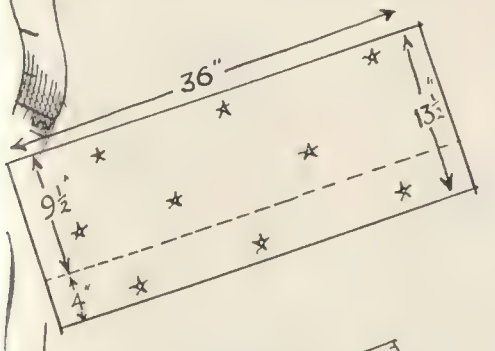
How To Make A Cosmetic Bag

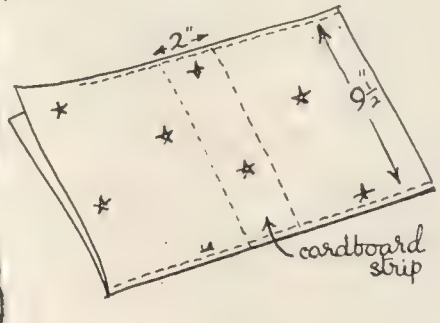
MAKE this cosmetic or travelling bag from plastic silk. There are some fascinating designs and colours on the market. This bag has a firm base and will carry pots of vanishing cream, and otion bottles. All that is needed is ⅜ of a yard of 36-in. wide plastic material, a piece of cardboard 9 in. by 2 in., and a piece of white cartridge paper 9 in. by 16 in.

Method.—Cut a straight strip of 4 in. down one side, leaving main piece 36 in. by 9½ in. Fold in half and stitch the sides together. Work with the largest stitch on machine, or, if sewing by hand, make fairly large running stitches. Turn inside out, push the cartridge paper in between the two pieces until dead centre. Measure carefully. Pin or hold the cardboard into position, and stitch down either side of cardboard, through the two thicknesses of plastic and paper.

One inch from each end stitch one row, and another row ½ in. further down. Now turn in open top end and stitch all round outside edge. Cut two pieces 6 in. long from remaining strip, fold in half lengthways, outsides together, stitch down end and along the length, turn insides out, turn in raw edge and stitch all round. Treat both pieces alike. Sew these as gussets into both sides of bag (this must be done by hand). Make handles from two pieces of 2 in. wide by 11 in. long. Fold them in half and stitch down at edges. Sew to bag inside, where double row of stitching is made, about 2 in. from either end. Sew press studs to clip together where handles are sewn on.

To complete the toilet bag, paint the stoppers and lids of your cosmetics with the colours of plastic chosen, and have a real up-to-date and very smart requisite.





MCK.

'Make the most of each loaf'

HOVIS

for HEALTH AND VIGOUR

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

V225

KERFOOT

The modern treatment for Colds

VAPEX

A Drop on your Handkerchief

Like many other good things Vapex had to make way for more imperatively urgent needs. Throughout the war pharmaceutical work of national importance has taken and must take first place. Normal conditions will bring a return of Vapex

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

Coming soon—

AERTEX

OP.N4

MOTHER SAYS...

she owes her sturdy frame to Allenburys

Sturdy limbs and steady growth right from birth show the wisdom of choosing Allenburys. Made from fresh full-cream milk, suitably enriched and skilfully humanized to assure the greatest possible digestibility. Allenburys Milk Foods provide the best alternative to natural feeding.

A practical Book on Baby Care is offered to every mother and mother-to-be upon request. Send 2½d. in stamps to Allen & Hanbury's Ltd., London, E.2.

Allenburys

FOODS FOR INFANTS

F.39

OPTREX

the

eye lotion

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

Optrex Ltd., Perivale, Middlesex.

This Way For New York

(*Continued from page 13*)

the first person to greet the passengers is Sergeant George Nunn of the Airport Police, who sees every aircraft arrive and depart and makes sure that no arrival is contacted by any member of the public before going through the customs. A woman, meeting her sister after twenty-five years, rushed forward impulsively. "Lady," interposed the sergeant, "you've waited twenty-five years for that kiss, you'll just have to wait another five minutes!"

Above the main control room is the local, controlling movements inside the airport only by loudspeaker, phone, and signal lamp. A Constellation wants permission to taxi to the end of the runway to run her engines, which make too much noise and back-draught on the apron. A cheeky little petrol-tank car has parked itself on the tarmac just where it can be most in the way. It gets the warning red flash focused on it from the tower, which as good as says: "You're a —— nuisance. Hop it!" Temperamental, some of these tankers. One—before it was warned off—began cruising along the 300 feet wide runway just as an aircraft was about to land. "Thought it was quite O.K. so long as he—and the aircraft—kept to the left!" said Mr. Rimmer, disgusted.

On the instrument board of this local some ex-R.A.F. wag has pasted a warning spiced with a quotation from "Alice": *Never give a turn to land. "Off with his head," cried the duchess. "Agreed," said the coroner.* Meaning: Stick to your job, do it properly, and keep off the other fellow's—or there'll be an inquest. For, "Safety First" is the theme-song of this airport. You have to be as cool, alert and expert in signalling aircraft as in signalling trains.

"Four people," said Pan-American station manager Haig, "have to give the O.K. before a passenger aircraft can take off—'met' weather man, captain, engineer, and radio engineer. Any one of them can stop it. And the weather the other side, as well as here, decides." That, broadly, goes for the other services, too. The British South American line, station-managed by Wing Commander D. E. Milson, get advance weather briefing hop by hop—at London, Lisbon, Bathurst (W. Africa), Natal (Brazil), Rio, Monte Video, Buenos Aires, Santiago.

The pilots are practically all ex-R.A.F. Pathfinders, which says everything. Their fourteen-seater Lancastrians have already been making way for Yorks, which, in turn, will be supplemented by Tudor I's, for nothing but the latest and best will do for British services, and the best is constantly on the fade-out the day after to-morrow. "Keep moving" is the motto.

For night and fog landings there is the latest Standard Beam Approach, the Eureka Responder Beacon, which helps you to land blind by automatic radio signal.

That, briefly, is a "rough" of the airport which, in about five years, will take the largest aircraft contemplated on three runways of 9,000, 6,000 and 6,000 feet—extendable to 15,000, 9,000 and 9,000 feet—with a 25,000 feet perimeter track connecting the ends, a network of tributary ones, and sub-runway tunnels connecting the Bath Road with a handsome central terminal area. Fully developed, it will handle up to 160 take-off and landing movements per hour in good weather, 120 in bad.

Its chief, Mr. Roger C. Pugh, forty-three, who helped to convert Hurn from war to peace, means to make it the world's No. 1 airport for efficiency. He has a staunch colleague, also from Hurn and Poole flying-boat base, in Mr. G. R. Hawtin, B.O.A.C.'s station manager.

Even in this transition stage amenities are not forgotten. Reception, where arrivals park after formalities—film stars, diplomats, big business, the *beau monde*—has a flower-stall with the slogan: "Greet Them With Flowers," which runs to orchids at £2 a time. Here, too, the car-hire men wait, but may not tout. You say "Hullo" to folk who were in New York fifteen hours ago, Buenos Aires a couple of days back. Except when someone like Jeanette MacDonald touches down it isn't specially exciting. Some might be returning from a day trip to Brighton, for all they care. There's a club-room for crews and staff.

South, beyond the runway, steam and Diesel rollers, bulldozers, tractors, mechanical excavators, fleets of lorries are still wrestling with London Airport in the raw; over 1,500 men swarm about the site digging, levelling, mixing concrete. A Promethean task the Wimpey contractors undertook, with special drainage problems to avoid flooding, for the area included some 120 acres of ponds and disused gravel pits. From May, 1944, onwards they set to work pumping 100,000,000 gallons of water out of the ponds, removing 500,000 cubic yards of silt, excavating for the first runway and its perimeter. During the first summer and winter 2,000,000 tons of earth and gravel were removed.

Standing on the tarmac by those monster air-liners, in a wind like a cliff-top one by the sea, it seemed a far cry to the Bath Road of a century or two ago with its clip-clopping coaches and post-chaises. I thought of the Berkeleys of Cranford, near by—that Fifth Countess, Mary Cole, who was a butcher's daughter, had four illegitimate sons before marrying her gambler, spendthrift Earl, and entertained the Prince (George II) and royal dukes at shooting parties . . . and my Lord Bolingbroke of neighbouring Harlington who was visited by Pope, Swift, Gay, Dryden, Voltaire, thought to end his days at Dawley Farm in placid agricultural pursuits, and paid an artist £200 to decorate his hall with rakes, spades, forks and other farming implements in chiaroscuro—only to leave it all for exile in France.

That was the Shape of Things Past. On these flat, bleak Middlesex lands now, with forty-four seaters roaring overhead, is the Shape of Things to Come. In the time they took to get to Bath we streak over to New York!

The Home Coming

(*Continued from page 12*)

his desk he saw the red light winking above the board. Clamping the intercom. to his ears, he acknowledged the signal.

"Captain to radio—we need a bearing badly."

"Wait," said the operator.

He made his switches and saw that the main generator was dead. Nor was this alone the fault. By a freak of the flash, the aerial circuits of the transmitters and receivers were burnt out, and the leads through the pressure hull were charred.

The flash had wrecked the radar, the radio compass, and inevitably the radio altimeter. Only the internal circuits were working—the intercom. and the lighting system, which was supplied from a generator on a starboard motor. The supply could be switched, but such was the damage to the sets, that the problem of communication seemed insoluble.

The operator reported to the captain, and by consent the navigator's plot became the most important single factor of safety. The plot had been kept since take-off seven hours before, and as each wireless bearing had been received, the position by dead reckoning had been checked and corrected. The last bearing had been logged fifty-five minutes before.

"Where do you reckon we are?" said the captain.

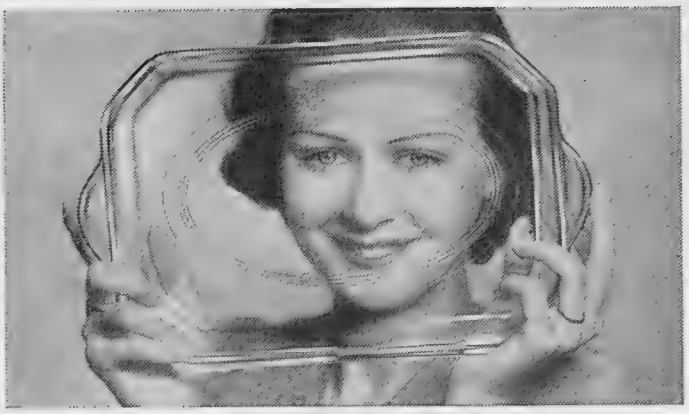
(*Continued on page 54*)

. . . In elegance of appearance, no less than in functional design, the Maddox Table Kettle—and other domestic electric appliances shortly to be released—will fully maintain the long-standing reputation of H.M.V. Household Appliances.

IRONS • FIRES • KETTLES
REFRIGERATORS • HOT PLATES
WASHING MACHINES

HMV HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD. (H.M.V. HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCE DIVISION), HAYES, MIDDX.



Crystal Gazer Rewarded !

The special qualities of Phoenix materials and the skilled craft of fashioning them were early regarded as essential to the war effort. Phoenix glass met stern tests in the crucible of war, and with developments in research will emerge still fitter to fashion the beautiful clear glass oven-ware so greatly prized by housewives. Here is one young housewife fortunate enough to secure a Phoenix clear glass oven dish. Supplies are still limited, but it is hoped that they will soon increase.

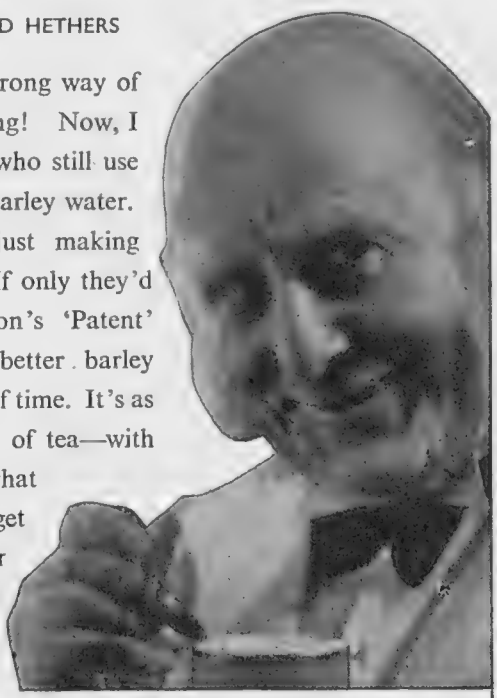
PHOENIX

THE CLEAR GLASS OVEN-WARE

Clear and Stays Clear

If you'll forgive me saying so

says OLD HETHERS



there's a right and a wrong way of doing every mortal thing! Now, I know a lot of people who still use pearl barley for their barley water. Believe me, they're just making work for themselves. If only they'd get a tin of Robinson's 'Patent' Barley they'd make better barley water and save no end of time. It's as easy to make as a pot of tea—with Robinson's. That's what I'm using till I can get Robinson's Barley Water in bottles again. And if I may say so, I should know . . .

Barley Water from

ROBINSON'S

'PATENT' BARLEY

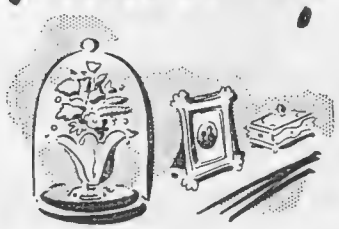
CVS-91

4d. Including Tax

WELGAR
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SHREDDED
WHEAT

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd.,
WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

Fadeless!



Grandma's wedding-cake flowers never faded. Like her happiness, they were " for ever and ever ".

Nor will " MODERNA " blankets, in their 10 lovely Pastel Shades, ever fade. They are **Guaranteed FADELESS** in wash and wear.

Also Guaranteed all pure Lamb's wool, odourless, moth-proof and never-shrinking.

They will come to you through the best Stores — and you will be glad then that you waited for " MODERNA " to lap your sleep in luxury.

MODERNA
BLANKETS
for Softest Sleep

Thomas Ratcliffe & Co., Ltd.
Mytholmroyd, Yorks.

"About forty miles north-west of Malin Head," replied the navigator. "That is if the wind hasn't changed."

"I'll try to climb into the clear," said the captain, "and you can get a shot of the stars."

"We'll have the sun in another twenty minutes," he reminded him.

The captain opened up the three engines to twelve pounds of boost and twenty-six hundred revolutions.

The aircraft climbed. From seventeen thousand feet the needle swung infinitely slowly across its dial until at twenty-two thousand feet the climb was less than fifty feet a minute. Around the hull the mist still pressed in unvarying consistency, though a pearly light now percolated from above.

"I reckon that's used a hundred gallons of fuel," said the second pilot.

"We'll use some more," said the captain, and moving his controls once again, he increased the revolutions by two hundred and the boost to plus eighteen pounds.

The engines were now consuming fuel at a rate of two hundred and ten gallons an hour each, or nearly three times their normal consumption. It gave the aircraft a remaining endurance of a hundred minutes.

But the climb was resumed. The altimeter moved again, and slowly approached twenty-five thousand feet. Ice began to form once more, but the de-icers were able to keep it in check. The cloud was still as thick as before, though the light was brighter.

Reluctantly the captain throttled back and called the navigator.

"No luck," he said. "It has every appearance of a deep occluded front—and I don't understand it. What do you think?"

The navigator considered before replying. He was a careful, stolid man, and was never embarrassed by intuitions. Dawn had now come, and there was almost sufficient light to read his chart without the use of the electric. But outside the visibility was not a dozen yards. The wing tips were out of sight.

"I reckon it's frontal," he said. "In any case, we'll be over Prestwick in fourteen minutes." There was another pause, and then he asked:

"How's the fuel?"

The flight engineer cut into circuit. "Three hours safe," he said, "at plus four and nineteen hundred revs."

The captain asked the operator for news. The operator was plain spoken. "You'll have to find your own way home."

"Steer oh-six-eight and hold your height," said the navigator. The captain protested. He couldn't do it without reducing his endurance.

"O.K.," said the navigator. "I'll give you corrections as you go down."

Silence fell upon the intercom. and the aircraft flew on. But although there was quiet every member of the crew were concentrated about their business.

The navigator's problem was the change of the wind which might be expected at a lower altitude. He expected it to back from the north into the west, and go round towards the south. But at what altitude the changes would come, and with what alteration to velocity was guesswork.

Three minutes later the navigator cut in to announce that they should be over Prestwick. Outside, the mist was as thick as ever and the light from above no stronger. They were at twelve thousand feet.

"I reckon this is a real Scotch mist," said the passenger to the steward. He had sought him out in the pantry and asked for breakfast. In reality, he was seeking more than this—he was seeking an assurance that the land which he loved, and to which he was returning would give him a safe welcome. The steward guessed it, and because he was an airman first and a steward second, he smiled, and agreed that it was certainly a thick bit of Scotch mist.

"Ought to be in pretty soon?" said the passenger.

"We certainly ought," said the steward. "We'll be going down any time now."

He carried tea and toast to the passenger's cabin and laid the tray on the bunk. "I should take this now, sir, while it's hot."

The Home Coming

When he left the cabin, he went forward and spoke to the operator.

"Wireless packed up," said the operator. "Don't know where we are . . . or do we?" he said to the other man in the compartment.

The navigator glanced at the chart and answered seriously: "We are somewhere over Scotland, flying east. The skipper's looking for better weather on the east coast."

The second pilot stepped into the cabin and saw the steward. He asked: "Are the passengers all right?"

"They're fine," said the steward. "What about us?"

"We're all right," said the second pilot. "There'll be fine weather on the east coast."

But there was no fine weather and thirty minutes later, the captain turned and held a little to the north of west. He thought that the best chance was to come down over the sea and nose his way inshore. At no time had he descended below four thousand feet, knowing the possibility of hitting a mountain top.

It was now that the urgent voice of the flight engineer called the captain. A test of the outer port tank had revealed an alarming loss of fuel. It looked like a severed line, although there had been no indication of it until this moment. He had checked it after the fire when he cut the tank out of circuit and its reading had been normal.

"How long have we got?" said the captain.

"I'll work it out and let you know."

The captain kept his microphone switch depressed.

"Hallo navigator. I want to come down to a thousand feet where it's safe and have a look around. I should think the sea off the north of Ireland would be as good as anywhere."

The navigator looked at the hair-lines which traced an increasingly complicated pattern across the chart. His mind was in doubt, for many alterations had been made to the course and over five hundred miles had been flown in winds which had reached eighty knots since he had last been able to check the position. Something in his voice warned the captain of his anxiety. When the captain spoke again, the tones were casual, almost bantering.

"If you've lost yourself, George, I've a crystal in my pocket. A gipsy gave it to me, it's infallible."

"It's not that, skipper, it's the wind. What the hell has the wind been doing?"

"I wouldn't know," said the captain. "Have you been taking it into consideration?"

The navigator was nettled. Of course he had been taking it into consideration. He wasn't an apprentice just out from school, and his reply told the captain as much. The captain smiled. The navigator was all right. He was a safe man.

"Then it's easy," said the captain. "We'll assume that your estimation of wind is correct. Give me a course to the sea off the north coast of Ireland."

The flight engineer broke into the circuit. "Better not make it too long," he said. "We've got fifty-five minutes flying time left."

The captain knitted his brow while his eyes sped over the faces of the flying instruments. It was not the first time that he had been confronted with an awkward situation and it would probably not be the last.

It had been a mistake to go through the weather: he recognized it now. He should have climbed over the top and risked a passenger dying of heart failure.

"Fly two-eight-one and descend to a thousand feet at three hundred feet a minute."

"Two-eight-one," repeated the captain.

He might even have gone under the weather, or for that matter tried to get round it to the south instead of to the north. Without doubt, he might have done anything except fly into that flash. He smiled at the thought, and next to him the second pilot wondered what there was to smile at.

The aircraft was at six thousand feet making one hundred and eighty knots through thick,. but (*Continued on page 56*)

When we lose "control" we'll have a

Schweppes

Pomeroy

Beauty Preparations

Look for the dove in flight — introducing the new satin-white Pomeroy packs. Pomeroy brings you . . . Lipsticks from delicate pinks to rich reds. Powder blended in the newest shades. And Skin Food · Day Cream Beauty Milk · Dathos (for very dry skins) · Cleansing Cream · Safada Hand Lotion. *Prices from 18/6 to 4/-*

POMEROY
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

London Salon:
174 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

PARNALL

are now producing

PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME

PARNALL (YATE) LIMITED · BRISTOL

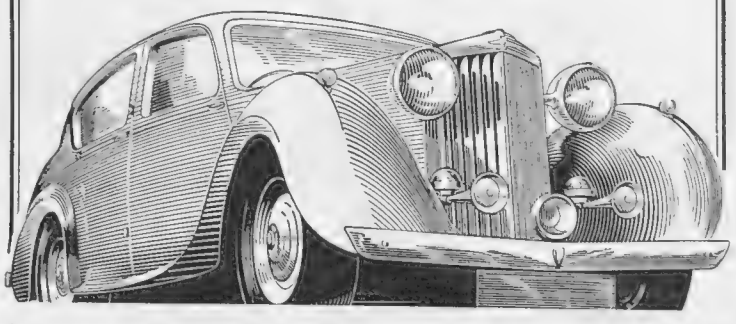
SUPREME

SUNBEAM-TALBOT

TEN AND TWO LITRE

This car has an air of innate good breeding that distinguishes only a chosen few. More than that, it is very fast, supremely comfortable and a delight to handle.

BRITAIN'S MOST EXCLUSIVE LIGHT CAR



PRODUCTS OF THE ROOTES GROUP

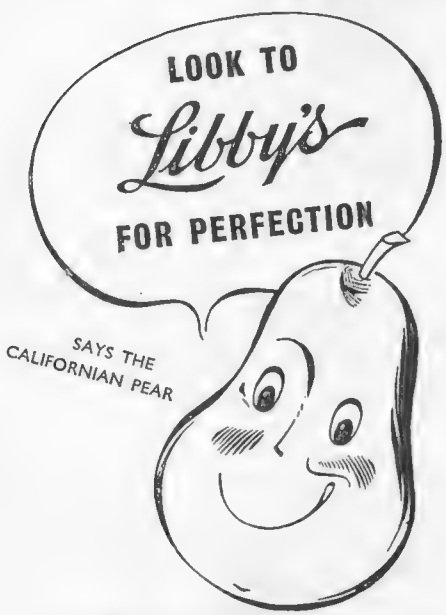
A Shining example of all that a polish should be

The polish that is impregnated in the wadding, easy and clean to use and most economical. A rub with the wadding—then polish with a dry cloth and a brilliant shine is the result. More supplies are now available. Ask your Ironmonger or Grocer for a tin.

DURA-GLIT LTD.,
LANCASTER AVENUE,
MANCHESTER, 4.

DURA-GLIT
MAGIC WADDING

When you can buy
CANNED FRUIT
freely again . . .



Returning some day soon
Libby's Pears,
Fruit Juices,
Asparagus,
Evaporated Milk,
Alaska Salmon,
Corned Beef,
Homogenized Vegetables
for Babies . . . . and all
Libby's 100 famous Foods!

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LIMITED

stable cloud. The ice had begun to flake off the wings, and the ship was lighter, riding easily on the three good motors. At the after end of the hull, the steward had opened the hatch which led to the baggage compartment. In a recess built into its side were the rubber dinghies which the second pilot had instructed him to unstow.

There were lifebelts, too, but he had been told not to issue them until instructions were received.

He was working on a dinghy whose pack had become jammed in the shelf, when he heard a voice at his elbow.

"Let me give you a hand," said the passenger.

The steward turned, and permitted the passenger to help him drag the dinghy clear.

"We'll stow it by the emergency hatch," said the steward.

The passenger helped him to pull it along the companion-way. It was heavy, and the exertion left them breathless. After straightening their backs, the passenger and the steward stood face to face for a moment, and in the interchange of their glances there was complete understanding. Without speaking the passenger turned and continued his way to the toilet.

THE airliner hit the upper slope of the saddle which joins Glas Maol to Carn an Tuirc. Thirty feet of extra altitude would have carried her over the ridge and into the canyon where the young Isla gurgled in its bed of rocks.

There was snow on the ridge. It lay heavy and white, the same colour as the mist, so that neither pilot saw what it was which caused the shuddering jar, and the shriek of tearing metal beneath them. The blow was oblique, but it was decisive. It threw the weight of the captain on his harness, so that the belt bit deeply into his flesh, and his heart pounded in reaction to the pressure of his blood. Yet he remained in possession of his faculties, and even saw briefly the spurt of snow thrown up by the impact. It appeared in that instant an impersonal thing, as if it had occurred to another aircraft, leaving him unafraid.

The second pilot was less fortunate. The straps of his harness had hung loose from the pillars of his seat, and he had been flung forward to strike the rim of the starboard window. All other persons in the airliner, with the exception of the passenger in the toilet, were injured to a greater or lesser extent.

Yet so precisely was the blow about the point of balance that the aircraft ricochetted back into the air on an even keel, wings, fuselage, and tail unit mainly intact.

At seventy feet above the crest of the ridge she hung poised for a second with propellers twisted and stopped, the radiators beneath the engine nacelles carried away, and the pressure hull torn open for a distance of thirty feet. It was her loss of speed and the subsequent stall which precipitated the closing moments of the disaster. The nose dropped, and at an increasing angle she went down. When she struck again she was on the farther slope of the ridge and the line of her advance almost matched the steepness of the hill. A second wave of snow leapt from her prow, and she plunged down. Yet such progress could not continue. The moss-hag of the tumbling mountain gave way to the spur and buffer of igneous rock. Members of her bright skeleton were bared and were severed to an orchestra of sound. It was a ledge, no wider than a wing span, that finally opposed the slide. Here the full weight fell suddenly upon the main spars, folding them abruptly around the rocks. The engines left their mountings, and continued as free boulders down the mountainside. The fuselage, digging into the hag, struck the solid rock beneath, and telescoped like a paper tube.

Yet there was about the momentum of the mass an upward component to the tail unit, and it caused a clean fracture of the fuselage fifty feet forward, between the after dressing-room and the kitchen. This part rode upwards and outwards, broke free, and finally struck the hillside forty yards on. Here, with its momentum lost, it scrunched to a standstill.

For a second, the thunder of the engines, already far beyond any other part of the wreckage, continued. Then they too were silent, and over the mountain descended the quiet to which by right of solitude it was heir. Far down the glen, in the still morning air, came the skirl of a pipe, and from a peak on the opposite side a stag roared. The passenger was home.

END

The Home Coming

A Tale Of Three Cities

(*Continued from page 25*)

investigated prices in the poorer quarters of Madrid. Eggs are 8s. a dozen; broad beans 1s. 6d. lb. Bread and tobacco are rationed according to wages. The shops are full of consumer goods, made in Spain, but the people have not the money to buy them.

The women are quite well dressed, better than the men. In the countries adjacent to Spain, the women nearly all walk bare-legged. In Madrid I noticed it was only the poorest of the poor who do not wear stockings, silk or cotton.

In Lisbon one cannot buy cream; in Madrid strawberries and cream are procurable in the least pretentious restaurants. Small rolls of bread cost 5s. each on the Madrid black market. A whisky and soda costs 15s. One finds plenty of cafés with notices: "No Beer" hanging outside. Butter and sugar are very scarce.

I left Madrid feeling that the city is keyed up, taut and expectant. I journeyed to the Franco-Spanish frontier alleged to be closed. Everybody from New York to Moscow was writing and talking about this frontier, but it did not seem to occur to anybody to go and look at it.

One arrives at Irun about 1 p.m. There is nothing to do until 6 p.m. because the Paris train does not leave until that hour. Plenty of time to investigate.

On neither side of the frontier at this point is there the slightest sign of more troops than usual. I took a taxi from the station to the Spanish side of the International Bridge. The journey lasted about five minutes and cost 10s. My Spanish porter obligingly carried two gourds of Spanish wine to the French custom officers on the French side of the bridge. In the middle of the bridge an elderly French customs officer was calmly fishing in the Bidoscoa.

Oh, lovely France! I found you again, wiped clean of Boches. Lilac time, white and mauve lilac. High rearing chestnut trees with their red and white candles. Grey stone bridges spanning rivers reflecting the bright green of low-hanging willows. I kept my eyes against the carriage window pane until night blacked out this lovely scene of France at peace again.

Hey, I said to myself; help help. The engine-driver must be off his head. We were racing through the night at an incredible speed. What about all those destroyed bridges, those worn out permanent ways? Well, we rocked and we roared, but at 9 a.m. on the dotted line, we were in the Gare d'Austerlitz.

A young man in a blue smock said to me: "Why wait for a taxi? I'll carry your bags." So we travelled first-class on the Metro, total cost fivepence, and I paid him 10s. for the job.

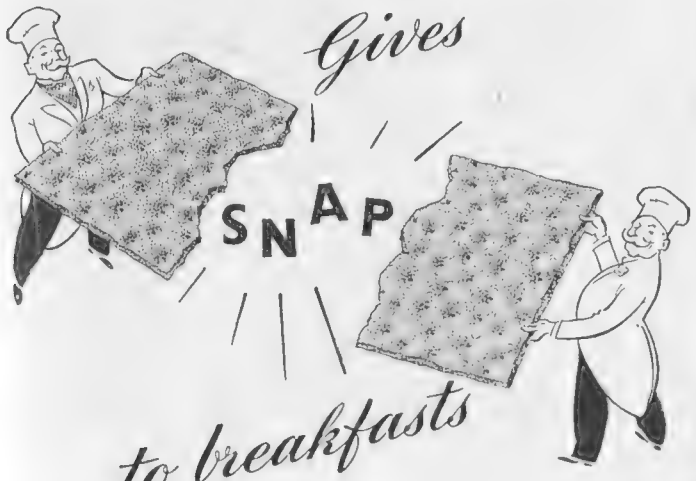
Believe it or not, but I hope you will believe it, Paris is making the biggest "come back" of any European capital. Omnibuses are returning to the streets, taxis, too. Very few Metropolitan stations remain closed. There are no food tickets required in restaurants.

END

By Appointment
Peak Frean & Co. Ltd.
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
Crispbread Manufacturers

Vita-Weat

BRITAIN'S CRISPEST CRISPBREAD



Waken up your breakfast with the snap and crackle of buttered Vita-Weat. A treat with real FOOD VALUE.

Yes, we rather like taking Eno. Daddy says that's one thing we're sensible about, anyway!
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

"Dances are no fun when you're cursed with under-arm perspiration . . ."

"It's clear you haven't learnt the blessing of Milton Rinse!"

Yes, it's so quick and simple. Just a teaspoonful of *Milton* in a tumbler of water and bathe your under-arms with it before you dress. It will keep you free from perspiration odour all the evening.

clean *deep* to let your beauty bloom

Thoroughly cleanse the skin with firm upward-outward strokes of cotton wool well soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

Remove surplus Cleansing Milk with dry cotton wool or soft Cleansing tissue. Now you are ready to make up.

During the day whenever your skin needs refreshing, use Anne French Cleansing Milk and look your best.

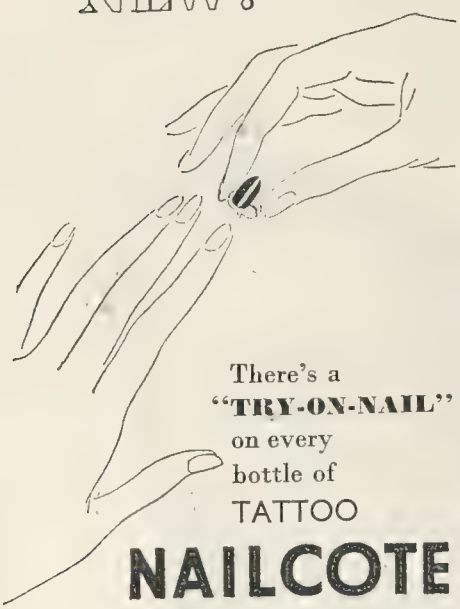
Because it is so finely emulsified, Anne French Cleansing Milk penetrates DEEP into your pores to clear away the tiny specks of dust, so often the cause of skin blemishes.

Anne French
CLEANSING MILK

Price **2/6** *including Purchase Tax*

2/5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON. W.1

NEW!

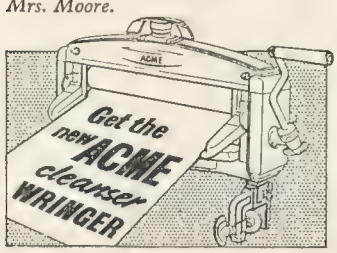


There's a
"TRY-ON-NAIL"
on every
bottle of
TATTOO
NAILCOTE
CORAL HARD
colour for nails

OF COURSE
Mrs. MOORE—AN
ACME WRINGER!

Every day's washday for Mrs. Moore, with Pam still in the nappy stage, Ronnie an adventurous toddler, and Gloria a gay rough-and-tumble six-year-old. "Wringing out everything by hand alone takes hours" says Mrs. Moore. "And we're never done with clothes drying about the place."

Of course Mrs. Moore, what you need is a wringer, the easy-to-use, efficient Acme Cleanser Wringer. Baby's nappies done in half the time (and so white), the children's things wrung out and half dried, with no hand wringing to tire you out. Save your strength and your precious time, Mrs. Moore.



16" model 84/- 14" model 82/-
Purchase Tax extra

ACME WRINGERS LTD.,
DAVID STREET, GLASGOW, S.E.

Report On France

(*Continued from page* 15)

francs for the government tax. I ate better for less money at the Auberge du Pere Louis near the Folies Bergère; they haven't got back to the famous spit-roasted chicken there yet, but imagined it might be permitted in a few months.

SOME of De Gaulle's young partisans are behaving like pre-war Mosley boys. One June night they raided Communist Party H.Q. and burnt books in front of the building. Three nights later the Communists ran a protest parade of 250,000 workmen. The police kept away, but 5,000 Communist cell leaders lined the route to see that the paraders kept discipline. At the Carrefour Chateaudun, on a second-floor balcony, Maurice Thorez, Jacques Duclos and Marcel Cachin greeted the crowd with jovial grins and arm waves. Everything was most orderly, and even tactless shouts of "Thorez to Power!" were promptly shushed by the vigilant cell leaders. For after the election, which saw Georges Bidault's Popular Republican Movement replace the Communists as France's biggest party, the shrewd Kremlin men, who haven't lost hope of making France an outlying satellite of the Red stellar system, set a new Party line: "No violence, all for republican unity."

This brought a fresh slump in the pound and dollar on the "asphalt bourse." There, between the Place de l'Opera and the Madeleine, where the trees provide both a pleasant shade and useful screens for surreptitious hand-to-hand exchanges, is located the truest political barometer of France. It's the open-air illicit money market. The head men use an adjacent cafe as an office. Each has a force of six to a dozen "legmen," who make contacts and arrange deals.

The rate changes daily, swinging between limits of ten points or so usually. They were paying 800 for a pound, 300 for a dollar (official rates respectively 480 and 119) before Blum flew to Washington and negotiated a loan of $1,370,000,000. The Communist setback at the elections, and the arrival of the first real government France has had since the Liberation, brought wails from the bears and cheers from the bulls of francs. The dollar rate dropped to 252, against 280 offered by dealers confidently expecting a Communist landslide, and a new spasm of fears for the franc. In June–July the rate was running 250 for dollars, 630–650 for pounds, and 600 for travellers' sterling cheques. If the political situation further improves in France, some time next year the black-market money changers will have to do what bootleggers in America did on the repeal of prohibition: go legitimate. For there's only a profit in the business while Frenchmen prefer pounds and dollars to francs, and will pay high and take risks to get that foreign money, denied them by their own government under existing controls.

END

Love Rules The Waves

(*Continued from page* 19)

patted her ringlets which were never out of place. "But they ups and leaves me just the same. Heavens, if it ain't opening time already. Why don't you stay in 'ere and mend that make-up of yours. If I know anything that there husband of yours will be outside the door sure as my name's Gertie to tell me 'is side of it."

SURE enough as soon as the "Admiral Benbow" opened its doors Nicholas Leclair leaned his tall, spare frame over the bar.

"Mornin', Gertie, half-and-half, please."

Gertie served him and gave a sigh. His dark, thick hair, with the distracting wave in it, always made her feel like that.

"Well," said Gertie. "You needn't stand glowering at me like that."

"Sorry, Gertie." He shook his head as if to shake off some unpleasant realization. "It's no go."

"What's no go?" Gertie cast half an eye at the door to her little parlour. It was open just a few inches.

"The east is east and the west is west and never the twain shall meet."

"Meaning you and Susan 'ave 'ad another row!"

"Putting it somewhat mildly. If I could rent her out as a fireworks display I'd make a fortune."

Gertie rubbed a speck of dust off the glass-like polish of the bar.

"Gertie," said Nicholas solemnly, gazing at his lifted glass, "I love that girl till it ties my heart in knots. But it's a matter of principle."

"Seems I've heard that one before," said Gertie.

"These American girls seem to think man was made for woman whereas in the Book of Genesis it says——"

"I know," interrupted Gertie, "all about that . . . and I know an Englishman expects every woman to do her duty which is to wait on him 'and and foot. Well, if you want to know what I think about it, I'm all for the Chinese idea——"

"And that?"

"There was a sea captain in 'ere once what was telling me how them mandarins say a wife is the most important possession a man has and so she should never soil her hands with work nor her mind with worry and should be surrounded with everything of the very best, no holds barred . . . and with that I says to 'im, travel sure broadens the mind and if I 'ad my way I'd send every Englishman in England out there to learn a lesson.

"Did he propose to you?"

"He did, and I accepted him on the Chinese plan and 'e said he'd see me in 'ell first. He was a blunt man in 'is way. Do you know where Susan is?" Gertie raised her voice a little.

"No," said Nicholas gloomily. "But she'll be down here soon enough telling you her side of it. We always used to bring our troubles to you, didn't we?"

"You did," said Gertie, picking up a glass to polish it even cleaner. "Well you asked for trouble when you married an American girl."

Nicholas broke in with a burst of feeling. "American girls are a lot of pampered, spoilt, selfish, self-centred——" His voice slashed each word with a rising resentment and then stopped short as an angry girl burst out of Gertie's parlour.

"And Englishmen are a lot of pig-headed, inconsiderate, egotistic——"

"Shut up, both of you," said Gertie. "This is a respectable house and here's my regulars coming in."

The door opened with a blast of wet gale and in came the village policeman, a couple of fishermen and an artist who had a studio in a net loft by the harbour.

Nicholas caught Gertie when the others had been served. "She could hear every word. You let me make a fool of myself."

Gertie quelled him with a glance. "You're doing that without any 'elp from me."

"Thank you," said Nicholas briefly. With that said, he drained his glass in one gulp, jammed his hat on and strode out.

Gertie turned to Susan but Susan had slipped back into the parlour. Gertie put her head round the door. "You all right?"

Susan was sitting in Gertie's chair with her head in her hands. "Yes, but do you mind if I sit here for a little?"

"What's mine is (*Continued on page* 61)

Build your beauty on your youth

Start while you're young to establish a habit of beauty that will remain bright and shining through the years . . . don't take your youthful freshness for granted . . . resolve to make it last . . . so in maturity your mirror will reflect a lovelier you. Begin now with Elizabeth Arden's routine for youth . . . keep your skin scrupulously clean, braced, supple . . . use make-up keyed to your life and looks . . . and you will find that the investment of a little care now will bring you tremendous dividends in years to come.

CLEANSE *with Ardena Cleansing Cream, or, if your skin is oily, Ardena Fluffy Cleansing Cream.*
TONE *with Ardena Skin Tonic briskly patted on.* • **SOOTHE** *with Ardena Velva Cream.*
MAKE UP *with Amoretta Foundation Cream, Ardena Powder, Bright lipstick.* • *Pretty your hands with Hand Lotion.*

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK • 25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. • PARIS

Cruises in exotic waters . . . . long lazy hours of sun-bathing . . . . the good days will come again, and with them, choice of new, lovelier sandal styles—

SHOES BY LOTUS

yours," said Gertie, "but I wouldn't have what's yours for a gift. It turns my heart over to look at them eyes of 'is, but handlin' him is like handlin' a stick of dynamite. Stalked out just like 'e was going to blow up, too."

"I hope he does. I'm going home."

Gertie turned back to her duties.

At that moment the telephone rang. Gertie answered it.

"For you," she said to the policeman. "Urgent."

The policeman listened, hung the receiver up, left his beer and made for the door.

"There's an American troopship drifting offshore. Lost one propeller and can't ride the storm."

Then he was gone. The gale whipped through the open door as the artist and the fishermen ran after him. No sooner had the door slammed behind them than Susan was out.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"There's nothing wrong . . . yet," said Gertie slowly. "But there'll be a nasty mess if someone don't do something."

She passed on the news and added her own comments. "It's a nasty piece of coast round here and if that ship ever gets on to it with all them boys what is just going home, it's going to be a nasty mess . . . what with casualties and corpses." She began to polish the bar and Susan blew up again.

"You talk about casualties and corpses and then you stand there and polish the bar. You damned English, why don't you do something?"

Gertie dropped her duster and stared Susan in the eye.

"Because," she said, "we 'as men for that. My job is to 'ave this place all comfortable and ready for them when they've done their job."

Susan gasped. "Of all the mule-headed, cold-blooded——" Susan fairly flew at the telephone. "Give me the International Red Cross headquarters in London," she called. "And get a move on." She waited impatiently. "These damned English phones. Why, at home we'd . . . Hallo . . . Red Cross . . . Give me an American . . . Hallo . . ." Then an expression of relief showed that she was talking to someone who spoke her language. She told what was happening, told them to check with American headquarters what ship and how many men were aboard, told them there were army huts near, now vacant, which could be used as emergency hospital for casualties and shelter for rescued men who would need hot food and supplies, that it was two hours fast drive from London and it would be quickest to work from there. She told them she could organize things locally to be ready for them. Then she turned to Gertie.

"Come on, shut this place and help me."

"No," said Gertie. "This place ain't never shut for Napoleon, Hitler nor any act of devil or man. This is where the lifeboatmen always come after they've been out . . . and it's going to be ready for them."

Susan gave a sigh of exasperation. "You're just like that husband of mine, stubborn, unfeeling——"

"Get the vicar's wife first," said Gertie. "Then Mrs. Waters, the butcher's wife—they ran the committee for——."

But Susan was gone to another blast of scurrying wind. Gertie stoked the fire to make the place comfortable and she polished everything all over again and waited. She waited two hours and the first man to come in was one of the lifeboat crew. "Pint of bitter," he said, "and bandage this up for me." He held out a bleeding hand.

Gertie drew his pint, pushed it to him and went into her parlour for something to serve as a bandage. "Nasty cut you've got there," she said, as she did her best. "You'll have to have stitches. Everything going all right?"

"Aye," said the man calmly. Then he took a deep draught of his beer.

"You've 'ad a bit of a time, 'aven't you?"

"Not bad," said the man. "Might have been a 'ell of a mess but for Nicky Leclair."

"Thought 'e was too angry to do anything sensible," said Gertie.

Love Rules The Waves

"Now I come to think of it 'e was in a bit of a temper. We was just about to launch the lifeboat when Nicky comes and asks what the 'ell we thought we was doing. Old Tom, 'e's our coxswain, and 'e doesn't like nobody interfering, so 'e says, 'Minding our own business, that's what."

"So Nicky says, 'You're going to take a boat what will hold forty and rescue maybe six hundred?' Then 'e says, 'Listen to me.' So 'e tells us 'is plan and we puts it to the vote and even Old Tom agreed. There's about fifty drums of diesel oil what the government has allowed us for our fishing boats and we load it ten drums at a time while Nicky telephones the radio station up the coast and gets 'em to tell the ship's captain 'is plan. You see, they've got all the rafts and boats they need on that ship but with the way they're drifting and with that sea running, they couldn't get 'em off without losing 'alf the men. So Nicky takes us out. The ship is drifting off the head and she's got half an hour before she hits the rocks under the cliffs. But Nicky sees the gale is blowing into the bay and if he lets the oil go to windward the ship can launch her boats and rafts and they can pull in over the oil round to the beach at the sheltered side. Well, we stave in the drums with an axe and tip the oil overboard and make an oil slick that kills them nasty short seas right to the beach. We use the other forty drums, five trips in all. The ship lets her boats go and they ride over a smooth swell right into the bay and the lifeboat's out there towing dozens of rafts, and Nicky swearing at everybody as if it was a 'oliday."

"They're coming ashore steady and marching up to the old army camp. Seems someone was down there on shore to meet them and tell 'em where to go. They say there's a whole fleet of army trucks come down from London with food and blankets and things. Someone must 'a been working fast."

"I know who that was," said Gertie. "You've got to hand it out to the Americans. They move fast."

The fisherman took another draught of beer. "We didn't do so bad. Better go and get this hand stitched up. They've got a mobile hospital there, too, they tell me."

Gertie waited again as the clock ticked the minutes away as slowly as ever a clock moved. Then the door burst open, and the wind and Susan both blew in together.

"Shut that door quick!" said Gertie.

Susan did so and came to the bar, her raincoat streaming wet and strands of damp hair blown against her brow. Her cheeks were flushed with the excitement of action and the fury of the weather. But behind the excitement she was worn out.

"Double Scotch," said Susan.

"Don't approve of it," said Gertie. "I'll give you a shandygaff."

"Do as you're told," said Susan. "And Gertie, I love you."

"You're feeling better?" said Gertie taking down the bottle of Scotch from behind.

"Everything worked like a dream. We've got some smart staff. The whole job was organized in one hour and the first convoy down in two."

"Fast work," admitted Gertie.

She could see Susan oozing with pride of achievement—American achievement.

"Do you know where Nicky is?" asked Gertie.

"No—probably walking in the rain to cut his temper," said Susan.

"You're tired," said Gertie.

"I can hardly stand."

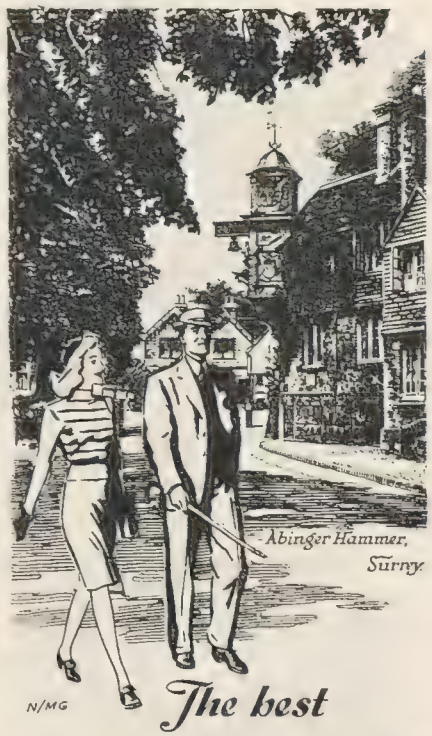
"Why don't you lie down in my parlour for a while before the crowd gets in?"

In a little while, Gertie peeked in her parlour and Susan was fast asleep; now that the excitement was smoothed away Gertie saw a darkness of weariness under the eyes. Susan was tired out and, thought Gertie with a sudden twist of affection at her heart, no wonder.

It was another hour before the lifeboat men and other villagers broke in upon the silence. The gale was as bad (*Continued on page 62*)

When
"Golden Shred"
reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that
The World's Best Marmalade
is being made again Until then the Marmalade to buy is
J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.



The best in a day's walk

NUGGET
BOOT POLISH
Supreme for Quality
In Black, Brown & Dark Brown

Thrilling!

says Mrs. GARY COOPER, beautiful wife of the distinguished Hollywood actor :—

"The lovely lips in Hollywood mean real competition. That's why I was overjoyed with the new Tangee colours"

Hollywood's verdict of the new Tangee "Petal-Finish" Lipsticks is that they're thrilling—giving *your* lips a soft alluring gleam. In these exciting new colours—★Gay Red, ★Medium Red, ★Theatrical Red, and ★Tangee Natural

Tangee

USE TANGEE AND SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN BE

A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD
ALDWYCH HOUSE LONDON W.C.2.

as ever and the afternoon was growing dark. Then, almost last, came Nicky; the tang and pride of action was in his eyes, in the line of his jaw and in the set of his figure. He leaned over the bar.

"Gertie," he said. "I love you. Half and half for me and set 'em up all round. This is on me."

"Been busy?" asked Gertie.

"Been showing six hundred Americans that we aren't so slow after all."

"Do you know where Susan is?"

"Susan?" He looked up as if he hadn't thought of her. Then he smiled sourly. "I expect she's packing up to go home. Well, I don't care . . . she can go."

Gertie looked him straight in his arrogant dark eyes. "Nicky," she said, "she had just about the right words for you . . . you're a mule-headed, inconsiderate, something-else . . . and I agree."

Then she told him what Susan had done.

When she finished there was silence until Nicky said, "Well, I'll be damned."

"And if you are you'll only get what you deserve," said Gertie. "Meanwhile, she's in there. Go in quiet."

Gertie opened the door and Nicky went behind. He saw Susan sleeping and stared at her.

Love Rules The Waves

"Damn!" he said.

"What do you mean—damn?" asked Gertie.

"I mean dammit! Every time I see her I fall in love all over again."

"Sh!" said Gertie. "Can't you see she's listening."

Susan's eyes had opened and now she winked one at Gertie.

"Look!" said Gertie. "She's been listening to every word we've said out there. Well, I never——"

But Nicky was down on his knees by Susan's side. "Susan I'm sorry. I'm a selfish fool——"

Susan smiled and held his hand. "Nicky, so am I."

Gertie snorted. She turned as she went to the door.

"You two make a good team. All you need is General Eisenhower as a nursemaid . . . to make the team work together."

Gertie emerged behind her bar and met the eye of the policeman. He grinned.

"What is it? More love?"

"Love!" snorted Gertie. "I'd rather 'ave a cup of tea."

END

Vestlet And Panties

(*Continued from page* 36)

With No. 10 needles cast on 117 sts. Rib as for the lower part of vestlet for 1 in. Work 4 ins. of main patt., then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following until 105 sts. remain. Work without further shaping until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Work to the last 33 sts., turn, work back.

1st row.—Work to the last 45 sts., turn, work back.

7th row.—Work to the last 57 sts., turn, work back.

9th row.—Work to the 69 sts., turn, work back.

11th row.—Work to the last 81 sts., turn, work back.

13th row.—Work to the last 93 sts., turn, work to end.

Change to No. 12 needles. Rib 2¾ ins.

Make a row of holes: Rib 2 * m. 1, rib 2 tog., rib 4; rep. from * to end of row. Rib ½ in. Cast off loosely.

Work another piece, with shapings at the opposite edges.

GUSSET

No. 12 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1, inc. 1 st. each end of every row until 37 sts. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 3 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts on the wrong side with a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up the side seams of vestlet. Sew on shoulder straps. Sew up the centre seams of panties to within measurement of gusset. Sew in gusset. Sew up the 1-in. leg ribbing. Press all seams. Thread in chain cord at the holes at waist.

END

With A Fair Isle Yoke

(*Continued from page* 36)

Continue now in main patt. until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts. (place these sts. on a spare needle). Cast off 10 sts., work 40 sts. Work on the last 40 sts. for 2 ins., *at the same time* dec. by casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the 40 sts. on spare needle, join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond.

THE BACK (worked all in main patt.).

Work until 2 ins. after armhole shaping (90 sts.).

Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle). Continue until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Continue for 1 in., at the same time dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

Return to the 45 sts. on spare needle, join wool at neck edge and work to correspond.

SLEEVES (short)

With No. 12 needles and main colour wool, cast on 74 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 84 sts. Work without further shaping until work measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 60 sts. remain.

Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 40 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. with main colour wool. Rib 1 in., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side of work. Sew up the shoulder sleeve and side seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the neck band.

With a No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening. Work 3 button loops on the right-hand side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons on the left-hand side of back opening.

LONG SLEEVES (if required).

With main colour wool and No. 12 needles cast on 54 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 86 sts. and work measures 17½ ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

As for top of short sleeve.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over; m. = make; s. = slip.

Note.—B. = brown; g. = green; y. = yellow.

END

The universal passion

For Kia-Ora hasn't put it on the ration;

But soon it will be 'amongst those present';

Won't that be pleasant!

Kia-Ora Fruit Squashes and Cordials

Key Exports

Who would you say is leading the Export race? Textiles? Motors? Heavy Industry? Light? B.O.A.C. has at least shown plenty of pace in the early stages. Our exports are the men who bring back export orders; and never before have orders so large come back from so far so fast! Among the 3,500 we have carried, the record is held by Sir Miles Thomas, Vice-Chairman of the Nuffield Group. 14,000 miles in ten days and back with £1,200,000 of business. But all did famously. Faced with the job of wiping off six years' arrears of business calls, they proved to have everything it takes — except a magic carpet. And we provided that.

B.O.A.C. SPEEDBIRD ROUTES
500,000 miles flown each week
4,500 passengers carried each week

CANADA · U.S.A. · WEST AFRICA
MIDDLE EAST · SOUTH AFRICA · INDIA
FAR EAST · AUSTRALIA · NEW ZEALAND

B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION & ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Take it from me -

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels double the life of your shoes!

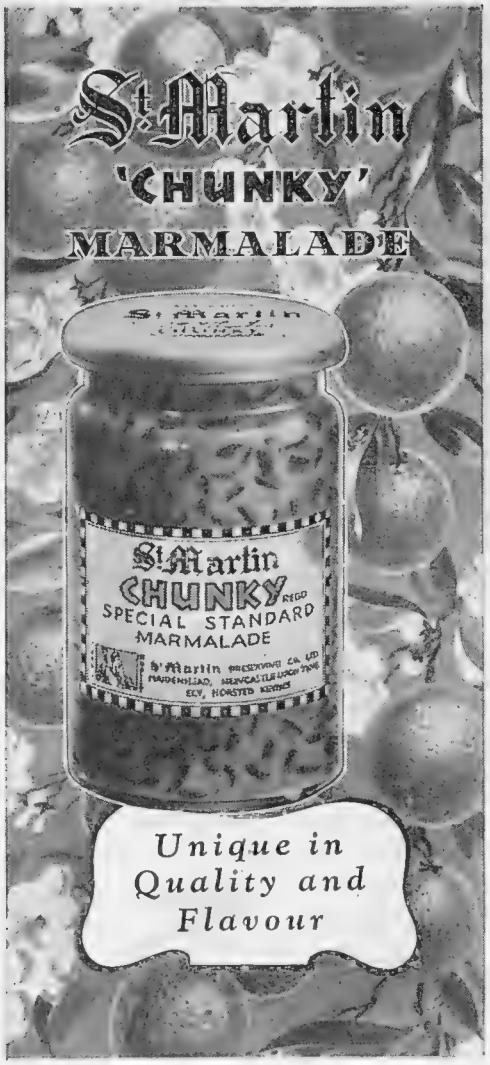
PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

What Mrs. Sposs likes most of all about SPOSS WINDOW SHEEN is that it leaves no smears in awkward corners. The lovely clear blue liquid quickly removes all dirt, rainmarks or stains and makes glass sparkle once again. No wonder Betty helps with the housework; Mummy uses all SPOSS products to keep her home lovely in the quickest and easiest possible way. **Supplies are no longer limited,** so start saving time, trouble and hard work by getting SPOSS to-day.

SPOSS

WINDOW SHEEN · FLOOR SEAL
FURNITURE DRESSING
FLOOR DRESSING

Obtainable from high-class grocery and hardware stores. If you have any difficulty please send us your retailer's name and address.
Simmonds Products Ltd., Dept. 702/20, Great West Road, Brentford, London (202)
makers of OCTIM, the famous all-purpose Cleaner



Courage (*Continued from page 28*)

He ran to the side and threw two lifebuoys into the water. "Come on, father!" he called, "we'd better swim for it or that thing'll be on top of us."

The admiral did not move. William looked at him and saw that the older man was pale and shaking as if in the grip of a rigor. His mouth opened and his pipe splashed into the water which was now up to his ankles. He seemed to be unaware of his surroundings and the look in his eyes told William all he needed to know.

The giant transporter was beginning to slide; there was no time for considered thought. "You're given a sudden situation —you make a decision"—the admiral had said. William made his. He hit the admiral hard on the point of the chin and caught him as he collapsed. Then he bundled him over the gunwale into the water and jumped in beside him. The water was freezing cold. There followed a frantic struggle to keep the admiral's head above water and to tow him away from the towering menace. All round him there were shouts and bells and whistles. The water was damnably cold. Just as the ferry and its ugly burden were beginning to fade into the fog, the silhouette of the whole contraption suddenly changed. There was a series of grinding crashes, a terrific splash, and the ferry reared itself on end before it disappeared under the water. Luckily the admiral came to at that moment and was able to struggle on his own against the under tow which followed the sinking of the ferry. A harbour launch loomed out of the fog. Someone threw a lifebuoy at William and nearly brained him, someone else pushed a boathook into the admiral's stomach. They were hauled on board to safety. The whole affair had lasted less than three minutes.

By the time the rescue launch had landed them in the dockyard, the admiral was himself again and took charge. A car was commandeered and he got into it. In spite of his tousled grey hair and forlorn clothing he was a dignified figure who made light of his misfortune. "You'd better come along with me," he said briskly to William. "We both need a change of clothes and a hot drink." William followed without a word.

Half an hour later they were in dry clothes seated in front of a fire in the admiral's study.

There was a long silence when the steward, after giving them their hot drinks, closed the door behind him.

Presently the admiral spoke.

"That is the second occasion on which that has happened to me," he said. "You can guess what the other one was."

"Yes, I understand," said William.

The admiral got out of his chair and walked to the window. "I was always a water funk," he went on, "had the hell of a time getting away with it in the early days. But I managed."

William sipped at his drink. He was re-making the world that he knew, and the process of doing so was a greater shock to him than the ice-cold water of the harbour.

The admiral turned and went to the fireplace where he filled his pipe. When he spoke again his voice had lost its dry quality.

"And now," he said, "you were going to tell me why you want to leave the service?"

William stood up. "It isn't necessary now, father," he said, "I've changed my mind. I shall manage all right—now."

They shook hands.

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

on the nepenthe isle of Campagna, and at first I thought it was to be a gay, irresponsible story like Norman Douglas's "South Wind." But when the Germans arrive in 1942 to open a U-boat base there and pester a group of emigrés who have stayed on—two Americans, an old English professor, and a renegade German baron; when, moreover, an incredible English spy turns up disguised as a fisherman, with credentials concealed in a false tooth . . . well, things get moving. But there is still enough humour and fantasy left to make this tale a holiday in the Mediterranean sun.

JACK KASPAN, too, tells the story of his life, from the time he was taken prisoner at Calais, in Mr. F. L. Green's "A Flask for the Journey" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). He is marooned in a house in a General Strike with a young Englishwoman divided from her German husband, and the searching experiences of both—especially his contact with three tragic people whom he met on his wanderings—point the paradox that liberty is relative and "the only way to discover absolute freedom is to become a prisoner." Mr. Green builds up this unusual psychological story with the skill that made "Odd Man Out" an achievement.

THE adventures of an impulsive girl in London at the time of the Gordon Riots, in Bath where suitors abounded and in Revolution Paris give romantic colour to Miss Doris Leslie's eighteenth-century story, "The Peverills" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). Women love a pretty minx in a comedy of manners, and this one seems to belong to memoirs as well as fiction, for real people come into the narrative.

WHETHER or not "the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river" with her handmaidens and found Moses in the bullrushes, he is a jeweller's child whose mother placed him under the protection of the Princess Bint-Anath, her patroness, in Mr. W. G. Hardy's novelized life of the prophet, "All the Trumpets Sounded" (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.). And thus it was that he grew up amid the opulence of a Pharaoh's Court, became a great leader, and worked for Israel's release from bondage. Mr. Hardy makes a romantic, dramatic story of his hero, but he might have left us, for childhood's sake and the picture books, the bullrushes as well as the trumpets. . . .

MARY OF MAGDALA, of whom we know so little, is quite a complicated person in Miss Peggy Whitehouse's biblical novel, "Mary by the Lake" (Bodley Head 7s. 6d.). She has loved the powerful Vitellius and Marcus the Roman before she finds spiritual escape and fulfilment in following Christ on his last journey, and rather dizzies us with introspective questionings. A living, vivid Magdalene may emerge from a style as staccato as a road-drill, but she is rather a jolt after the poignant vision of the Old Masters and stained-glass windows. . . .

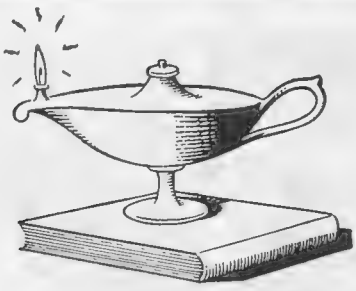
BAD-village-boy-makes-good is the theme of Miss Doreen Wallace's East Anglian novel, "Billy Potter" (Collins, 8s. 6d.). Billy had "no father"; he burned gorse commons, got into bad company and jail, but is redeemed by love, soldiering, and a V.C. A simple, unsophisticated story with tender human touches which women's institutes will recognize as the real thing.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Wine of Honour," by Barbara Beauchamp (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). The emotional impact of civilian existence on a group of demobilized men and women forms the background to this novel of present-day life.

"Peer Gynt." A new English version of Henrik Ibsen's famous drama by Norman Ginsbury, with twenty-one illustrations, from the recent Old Vic production (Hammond & Hammond, 8s. 6d.).

"There is a Green Hill," by Robert Mason (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.). A story of absorbing interest told against the background of the Jerusalem of to-day. (*Continued on page 66*)



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Never have doctors been more ready to admit that tomorrow's discoveries may reverse today's beliefs. Yet every test and experiment confirms the fact that nerves, to keep healthy, need organic phosphorus and protein. And that is only another way of saying that they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination. Ask your chemist for a tin.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—
6/6. (*including Purchase Tax.*)

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

7

A Century of fine Shoe-making

1846

*

for a hundred years, fine footwear has been the privilege of those who chose

NORVIC

*

1946

Remember: There are other Norvic styles equally attractive, if this model is out of stock.

NORVIC

THE NORVIC SHOE CO., LTD., NORWICH

---

it's Gay... it's Young... it's Romantic

The most enchanting yet sophisticated make-up Helena Rubinstein ever created. It makes your complexion irresistible.. gives lips a deep, vibrant colour. Once you try it you'll want to wear it with everything.

Pink Champagne

Rouge-en-Creme 7/6
Lipstick 7/6 Powder 9/2
Prices include tax

...it's by Helena Rubinstein

48 BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1
GROSVENOR 1407

☆

Zoning restrictions now lifted. Obtainable everywhere in moderate quantities.

BLUE SKY
GOLDEN SUN
GREEN TREES
PINK BLOSSOM
RED APPLES

WHITE-WAYS CYDER

Down in the heart of 'Glorious Devon'—in the path-way of the sun—the Whiteways have been growing apples and making cyder for over 300 years.

Medium-Sweet or Dry

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

By Appointment Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. The King, McVitie & Price Ltd.

Delicious Nourishment!

For much nourishment in delicious form and small compass, there is nothing to compare with

McVITIE & PRICE'S BISCUITS

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

Made at

McVITIE & PRICE'S MODERN FACTORIES AT EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

"Miss Ranskill Comes Home," by Barbara Bower (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.). Plenty of entertainment in this original and vital story.

"Remember Me," by Edward F. Meade (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.). Concerns the life of a Canadian in England during the four years between Dunkirk and Normandy.

"Still They Smile," by Peter Conway (Macdonald & Co., 8s. 6d.). A novel in which two young people suffered and endured until they found the same happiness and peace of mind.

"Bees at Marlings," by Kathryn Surrey (C. & J. Temple, 9s. 6d.). A delightful story which cannot fail to hold the reader's attention.

"The Conquest of Pain," by George Bankoff, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Macdonald & Co., 6s.). The story of Anæsthesia, Volume II of the popular Conquest series.

"If Their Mothers Only Knew," by Shirley Joseph (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.). A book which is as entertaining as the most amusing novel.

"Young Bill Peach," by May Davison (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). This story is of a man married to one woman but loved only by another.

"General Eisenhower," by Alden Hatch (Skeffington, 16s.). A biography of the Allied Supreme Commander.

"Salt of the Earth," by Ruby M. Ayres (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). Another delightful romance by this most popular writer of romances.

"They Come By Appointment," by George Sava (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.). A new collection of stories of case histories.

"Men Under Fire," by R. W. Thompson (Macdonald, 9s.). The author's selection of the best of his war dispatches.

"Domestic Wild," by Joy Frances Wilding (Animal Pictorial Books, 7s. 6d.). With fifty-seven photographs by the author.

"Spiritualism," by Shaw Desmond (for) and C. E. M. Joad (against) Muse Arts, 3s. 6d. A reasoned and logical exposition by each author, in which each replies to the arguments of the other. Highly controversial but intensely absorbing.

"Rules of Golf." The little vest-pocket edition of the Rules of Golf, so popular in pre-war days, and issued by the Royal Insurance Company, Limited, has been revised and brought up-to-date. Not only does it contain the rules, but also a very comprehensive index enabling the reader quickly to find the answer to his golfing problem. Copies are available, on request, from the Company's Head Offices, 1 North John Street, Liverpool, or 24-28 Lombard Street, London.

Controlling All Tramps

(*Continued from page* 16)

He had a real fear of going mental inside. Partly so as to avoid the "casual," and because he was not allowed to doze off anywhere in the towns, the vituoso learnt what was, perhaps, his greatest feat: the capacity to sleep while standing, "reading" a newspaper in the public library without giving himself away by breathing hard or nodding.

Loathed by the "true traveller" was the town tramp or nark who won favours in the lodging house by spying. Also, he didn't know how to behave, monopolizing the cooking and the cramped space. This type was often a "griddler," or street singer, and he was bitterly envied because his was the one line where profits increased as he declined.

Type No. 2 was the vagrant who aimed at the workhouse, or "spike," on his wanderings, and who is abruptly dismissed by Davies as "a madman." Why be a tramp at all, why turn his back on work when he was systematically prepared to work at stone-breaking in return for bread and water?

Third in line came the navvy going from job to job as the spirit moved him. The very mention of "job" indicates he was only part-tramp; none the less, the Open Road was (and remains) a compelling influence in his life. The navvy has this peculiarity among tramps: he washes. Not when an aroma says so, but regularly.

Fourthly, there was the (comparatively) well-dressed newcomer who had drifted on to the road in slump times. Maybe the small shop-keeper who gave up the struggle to make ends meet. Or the misfit, or the sheer bad luck case. We have all seen this type, calling from house to house.

Lastly, came youths and lads who took to the highway out of adventure. One is reminded of G. B. S.'s introduction to Davies's autobiography: "Let every youth into whose hands this book falls ponder the lessons well, and when next his parents and guardians attempt to drive him into some inhuman imprisonment and drudgery under the pretext that he should earn his own living, think of the hospitable countryside of America, with the farmhouses overflowing with milk and honey for the tramp, and the offers of adoption for every day labourer with a dash of poetry in him."

Dreadful propaganda! Only, it was written in 1903, and there's no more milk and honey —anyway in the England of 1946.

For an impulse behind foreshadowed legislation I go back to a main cause of the rise of the Beggars' Brotherhood in Elizabethan times:—

"Along every roadside and in every corner of the realm swarmed disbanded military men, still in the tatters of their uniforms and with the jargon of the camp and monstrous strange oaths hot on their lips. These were the Ruffiers. They had come home to a land where pillage and bloodshed were not only unheroic, but illegal, and they were tempted to prolong the jollity of campaigning by preying indiscriminately on the common citizen, the flatcap, the Blog."

Perish the thought, that this beholding the mirror to our demobbed. As a mere Blog, I would no more than infer how, long ago, the return from the wars did have its effect on the Open Road.

Mr. Bevan thinks he can eradicate the call of the Open Road these ant-like days of everyone-at-work, by *helping tramps to find work* (italics joyously mine own), and by putting those past work in Government-run hostels.

Duel Personality

(*Continued from page* 45)

has been known to bring on a faint. These are all physical results of a mental state.

For the sake of the health of the body, the mind must try to encourage the happy personality rather than the nagging one. Indigestion, constipation, heart-pounding, headaches and muscular pains are a few of the usual physical discomforts resulting from an unhappy mental state.

It isn't always impossible to shrug your shoulders and refuse to worry when you are in a worry-rut, but you can take a good nerve tonic to give nerves a hoist. Vitamin B^1 is an acknowledged tonic for the nerves of the body. General care of the body, sunbathing, fresh air, relaxing hot baths, toning cold sponges, are all helpful. Taking jobs at a slower pace often makes them easier and less taxing, mentally. The horrible mental flurry when a tidal wave of "things-which-must-be-done" poises overhead, can be avoided by making a list of waiting duties with pencil and paper, and crossing out those accomplished.

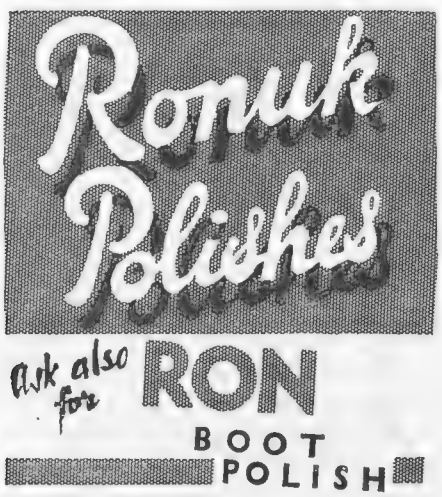
We all, to some extent, have "duel" personalities, and as soon as the unpleasant one becomes predominant health suffers. If true happiness is temporarily impossible, at least let placidity be the minimum aim. The most important things should come first, and top priority is *health*.

They met in a queue — Mrs. Smith was wanting the best Jam; Mrs. Smythe, the best Marmalade. They both asked for CHIVERS — that's not surprising, for best possible quality is what everyone expects and gets from Chivers.

CHIVERS & SONS LTD.
The Orchard Factory
HISTON, CAMBRIDGE
also at Montrose, Scotland

T406

My wife makes BETTER COFFEE now!
My Coffee Booklet told her how!
Send for *free* copy of the Chase & Sanborn Coffee Booklet to Standard Brands Ltd., Dept. DD, Aldwych House, London, W.C.2. It tells you how quick and simple it is to make *really good* coffee.
Chase & Sanborn
PURE COFFEE AT ITS BEST
A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD.



DUBARRY

TALCUM

—imparts the fragrance of a newly-opened flower—for cool, satin-like comfort, DUBARRY TALCUM is the dainty woman's necessity. Its caressing softness is a luxurious experience—an after bath delight. From Chemists and Stores 3/6 including tax.

DUBARRY PERFUMERY CO. LTD
HOVE, SUSSEX

The Lake Poets In Somerset

(*Continued from page* 42)

through wooded valleys starry with musk and forget-me-nots, St. John's Wort, harebells and pimpernel. It was during one of these walks—towards Watchet, in this instance—that Coleridge first discussed his projected poem, "The Ancient Mariner," with Wordsworth. The port in the poem is believed to have been Watchet harbour; the church porch Nether Stowey's. "Kubla Khan" was also written in this district, while Coleridge was staying at Porlock, during a walk to Lynton. It was at Alfoxden that Wordsworth composed "We Are Seven," walking to and fro along the drive that led to the house.

For a year continued this idyllic existence among the beauties of Nature, supplemented by the pleasure of congenial friendship. Wrote Dorothy Wordsworth: "There is everything here . . ." But, alas! The bright circle of friends, fired, by the exciting revolutionary ideas of the times, to wild talk and wild politics, alarmed the staid elements of the neighbourhood. The owner of Alfoxden refused, at the year's end, to renew the lease and the Wordsworths left for the Lakes, followed by Coleridge and, later, by Southey.

Visitors to West Somerset can still see Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey, the property of the National Trust; Alfoxden, little changed, and the pretty village of Holford at its gates; Tom Poole's hospitable house in Castle Street, Nether Stowey; the remains of Andrew Crosse's mansion of Fyne Court at Broomfield, the only village on the highest point of the Quantocks; and the gardens of Enmore Rectory, where Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were once entertained.

END

Fashions For Coming Events

(*Continued from page* 43)

steady and twelve swivel arms which can be moved to any position, or folded flat. This seems to be the answer to that distressing nappy problem and costs only £2 2s. 6d. In addition, it can be used in the smallest bathroom or kitchen. One I saw was painted real nursery blue. Tubulous steel cots to match cost £10 12s. for a drop-side model, or £12 18s. 9d. for a folding drop-side cot. I also saw some plastic baby baths in blue or pink for £3 16s. 6d. Those hook-on baby seats that can be put on any chair are now made in tubulous steel with the wooden tray in front, and are painted nursery shades and cost only £1 15s.

It will be a nice day for babies and their mothers when the layette allocation of coupons is sufficient to provide the newcomer with day and night dresses. In spite of the reduction in the coupons demanded for nappies, it is impracticable to buy day dresses and most mothers let their babies wear night clothes during the day until they are old enough to be put into short clothes.

END

Arfie

(*Continued from page* 32)

Butty at Somerton to-morrow," Cornelius said.

"You have!" said Arfie. Tinker Joe's wrinkled, brown face showed interest.

"It seems I was the last person to see him alive."

"He was stiff when I saw him; I got to go," Arfie said.

"Literally stiff? I mean the body was actually stiff?" Cornelius asked.

"Well, he was cold," Arfie temporized; "I felt his heart to see if it was going, I should say he'd been gone quite a while."

"Funny old chap," said Tinker Joe; "didn't seem to take much notice of anybody."

"How much (*Continued on page* 68)

Barry has boundless energy

He's a lively little fellow — brimming over with fun. It would be difficult to find a more healthy boy at his age. Mother is proud of him and has always kept a watchful eye on his health. She well knows that when needed, a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon correct stomach upsets and regulate the system.

It is the natural treatment for children —the laxative they like. 'California Syrup of Figs' keeps them regular, well and happy.

"California Syrup of Figs"

150 MORE SHEETS TO THE ROLL and improved quality of pure tissue

SOFT... SOFTER...

SOFTEX

TOILET TISSUE

Hygienic Economical

PRICE 1/3

A SWAN MILL PRODUCT, LONDON, W.1 (SM7)

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets — keep dogs fit

POST YOUR FILMS to Will Rose LTD

23 Bridge Street Row, Chester

and get MAGNA PRINTS Regd

REFRESHING

At all times, and specially in the bath, Cuticura Soap makes the skin delightfully smooth and charming. Cuticura Soap has emollient properties which remove all trace of roughness and soreness. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Talcum Powder. 2s5

Cuticura SOAP

are fox skins?" Cornelius asked the Tinker.

Tinker Joe would not answer that one; he said: "Depends on the fox." Arfie cleaned a finger nail on a match.

"Have a drink with me?" Cornelius suggested, getting up and fetching their tankards.

"Detectives were up in the wood this morning," Cornelius said, "they take a lot of trouble if anybody dies."

"They do," Arfie agreed. "My best respects!" he raised his mug.

THE finding at the inquest on Butty was: "Death from heart failure, produced by natural causes." Death was estimated to have taken place a short while before the body was found.

A few days after the inquest Cornelius wanted some help putting up an outbuilding. Thinking Mr. James, the landlord of the Bampton Arms, might know of someone who would help him, he went there.

Arfie was in his usual corner of the bar with a pint mug in front of him. It was too early for the regular customers and Arfie was delighted to see Cornelius; they would now be able to spend a happy hour buying each other drinks. Arfie was paid good wages for the labour the employment exchange forced him to do.

"Evening, cap'n, what are you going to have?" Arfie asked, getting up and moving to the counter as Cornelius came in.

"Thanks, half a pint, Arfie."

"Two pints, please, Miss." Arfie brought the mugs back to the table. Cornelius joined him.

"Here's the best," Arfie finished off the mug he already had, and pulled the other towards him.

If he had been to work, Arfie must have got back early, for he had had a wash and got out of his heavy boots; a clean white scarf encircled his neck and throat.

"Been working to-day?" Cornelius asked.

Arfie shook his head. "Had a bit of trouble—got stood off at dinner-time—talking back to the foreman—he's a ——." Arfie saw the boss's red-haired daughter behind the counter and knew if he completed the sentence it meant leaving the bar. "That's what I'd like to do to him," Arfie tightened his scarf with both hands.

It was obvious to Cornelius that Arfie had not been going steady since dinner-time. "Sorry to hear about that," he said. "Look here, Arfie, I wonder if you'd like to help me with a job."

Arfie did not look very eager.

"Mighn't take more than half a day—a day at the most. Are you going back to work to-morrow morning?"

"Not me; I wouldn't be able to keep me hands off that foreman. No man has got the right to speak to another man the way he spoke to me." Leaning forward Arfie whispered the words the foreman had used.

Cornelius realized Arfie was in a highly quarrelsome condition; he had heard he got like that.

Cornelius had never actually seen Arfie during one of his spells, for they got on well and his own company brought out Arfie's genial side.

"The lane seems quite empty now old Butty doesn't come up and down it any more," Cornelius said.

Arfie's face twisted. "That old ——" he looked across the counter, behind which the boss's daughter was standing; she had tumbled to Arfie's state and was watching him from time to time. Arfie changed the twist to a grin. "Poor old Butty—he wasn't no good to anybody."

"I expect he enjoyed his life," Cornelius said. "You can get quite a lot of excitement out of looking for sticks."

Arfie's lips twisted again: "That wasn't all he looked for."

Cornelius reached for their mugs and rose. The boss's daughter saw his intention and shook her head. Cornelius sat down again. "About this job; I've an old cowshed I put up myself; all I want is the sides closed in; if possible a place left where a window could be put, and a door added with a top half that will open. They tell me you've done a bit of building and I thought you might be able to help."

"Got a window?"

"No; I've got a door that could be sawn in half and I've some bits of corrugated iron."

"You can't put in a window if you haven't got a window," Arfie said.

"I've some old windows that were taken out of the cottage when new ones were put in," Cornelius suggested.

Arfie shook his head, "The 'orse would push his head through 'em."

"How about coming up to look at the job anyway?"

Arfie did not react well to that.

"I've got a barrel of Harry West's cider up there."

"You have! Harry West's—that's good cider, that is—Harry West knows how to make cider—better than this wash."

"Well, think it over," Cornelius said. "If you can't come up, I'll understand; if you do come I'll be very glad."

"Maybe I will, cap'n; let 'ee know to-morrow."

ARFIE GALE did not come up next day. Just before six Cornelius wheeled out his bike and opened the gate. During the past twenty-four hours he had worked out a plan and taken the landlord of the Bampton Arms into it. Harry James had agreed to play.

Arfie was in his favourite corner of the bar. Always pleased to see company, he greeted Cornelius cordially.

"How are things going with the foreman?" Cornelius asked, getting a drink and joining Arfie.

Arfie passed his finger across the scarf round his neck, "I would too," he said, looking angrily at his mug.

Cornelius was thinking about Butty. He had been found dead lying on that wire bed; he must have been on the bed when he was killed, for Arfie would not have had the strength to lift his body.

"How long ago was it that you were in India, Arfie?"

Arfie had told him about his service in India and Mesopotamia in the first World War.

"In nineteen-seventeen—lousy hole," Arfie said.

Cornelius fetched Arfie more cider. "Ever see anything of the Sikhs or the country where they come from?" Cornelius did not know that the Sikhs did come from any special part; he doubted if Arfie could answer the question.

"I've bin brigaded with them; they don't half stink."

"I thought they were very clean," Cornelius said.

"It is that sour butter they eat—gee—or some such name;" Arfie reached for his mug.

Ghee—Ghi? Cornelius did not know the name of the stuff either. "Ever take any interest in their customs?" he asked.

"I've see 'em having funerals and weddings and the like—don't have much truck with 'em, you know—not a white man don't."

And I should think they were thankful for that, Cornelius thought, looking at the drunken little sweep. The clock showed a quarter past six; he had another quarter of an hour to fill in; it was time to start phase two. "Have some gin in it?" he pointed to Arfie's mug. "My birthday," he added, as Arfie made a show of refusing such an expensive drink.

"All right, cap'n."

The landlord's daughter filled a couple of noggins. Cornelius carried theirs to the table. "Straight, or in the cider?" he asked.

"Straight," Arfie reached out his hand and swallowed the spirit.

That was all he was going to get; it should be enough; a few pints of cider might have been enough, but Cornelius was making certain. Arfie finished his cider and took the mugs to be refilled. He attributed the fact that rules were being relaxed to Cornelius's birthday.

"Thunder about," he said, looking out of the window.

Cornelius was looking at the mantelpiece. Over the mantelpiece there was a notice begging people to play darts without shouting, and one or two stuffed heads.

"Is that one of yours?" he asked, pointing to a fox's mask on the right.

"No, I didn't get 'ee, bin here a long time—'er has."

"Don't get so much interference with your trapping now Butty's gone?"

Arfie nodded; he pinched his chin between forefinger and thumb. "No one's got a right to interfere with a man's traps—not unless it's the owner of the land, an I tol' that to ol' Butty more than a time or two;" he finished the pint of cider. "Yes, I did," he said, looking round the empty room. "'Twere his own fault."

"What was his own fault?"

Arfie realized his tongue had been loosened by the gin and tried to cover up. "Gadding round those woods all hours 'twere too much for the old man."

"I suppose he should have taken things more easily; of course it was a nice natural death." As he spoke Cornelius looked straight into Arfie's eyes. What he saw was terror.

Arfie had been all right when Cornelius came in, but at some moment, during the last few minutes' conversation, he had realized Cornelius knew the truth. What had done that? Did the time date from Cornelius pointing to the fox's mask?

Cornelius believed if he turned round then and said: "You killed Butty," Arfie would just run.

He could not do that. He was waiting for Mr. James. "Is your father coming?" he asked the landlord's daughter.

"I'll go and see," she said.

Mr. James came at once, having just finished his tea. He was carrying a wire rabbit snare. Cornelius watched Arfie; he was looking at the snare—not with any interest—rather with horror, though the snare was not like the steel traps he used. From the snare Arfie looked at Mr. James's neck, round which the landlord had wrapped a white cloth.

"Let's see what you were going to show me," Cornelius said to Mr. James.

"Oh, my theory of how Butty died? All right."

Harry James went to the wall and took down the fox's head; round this he fixed the snare. "Actually it was a steel trap, but this will do, won't it?" he said.

Cornelius nodded.

"Now you are Butty," Harry James said to Cornelius. "The hut is there," he pointed to a corner, "and this is the wire bed," he pulled forward a long table covered with oil cloth. "Now you do your bit."

Cornelius got up, knelt on the ground, and unloosened the snare round the fox's mask.

"You are tired after your walk up the hill, and you go into the hut," said Mr. James; "you lie down on the bed."

Cornelius stretched himself out on the table.

"Somebody had seen you let that fox go," Mr. James continued, "they set the trap and they were going to sell that fox fur; they had warned you not to tamper with their traps." He took the dishcloth from his neck and held it out with both hands. . . .

The bang of a door made Mr. James look round, and Cornelius sit up.

"He has gone!" Cornelius said. "What do we do now?"

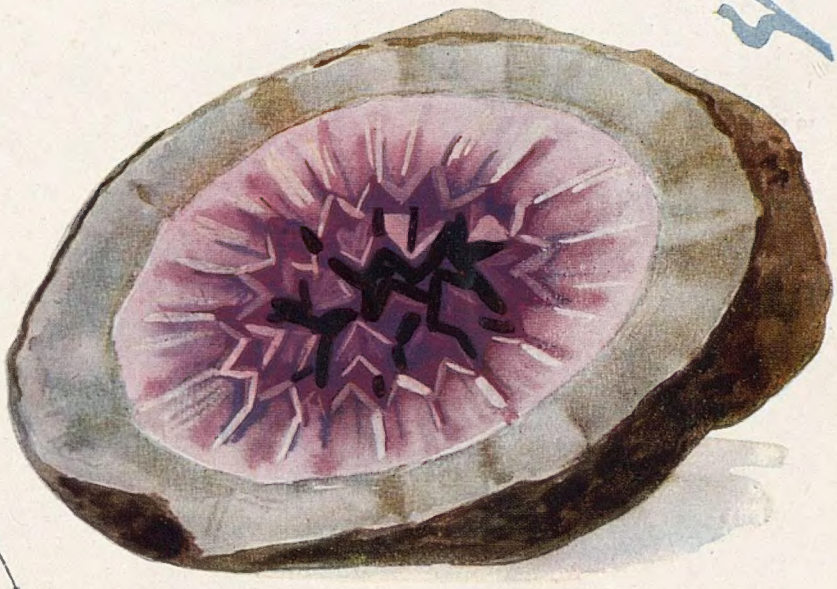
"Tell the police, they'll pick him up and he'll break down under questioning—he has broken down already. They always do."

END

1.9.46

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad £1 1s. 0d. per annum, 10s. 6d. for six months, single copies 1s. 9d., and for Canada £1 0s. 0d. per annum, 10s. 0d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co. Ltd.

Wolsey Jewel Colours



Amethyst was thought by the Greeks to be a charm against intoxication — yet it is certainly one of the most intoxicating colours in the Jewel range!

The wine-dipped purple of the amethyst; the rose-red heart of the ruby; the golden blink of the agate; some of the jewel colours — copied from the gems in their crystal form — which Wolsey have imprisoned in their new tailored jersey frocks.

Wolsey Limited Leicester

BIRD'S
CUSTARD

BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES